

THE ATHENÆUM



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ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
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THE ATHENÆUM

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VANDALS AND HUNS

FOR a little while we were minded to reproduce in full on this page a letter written by Mr. Boyd Cable, and published in the *Daily Mail* of May 26, as a document worth preserving. But the documentary value of the full text of this particular letter has been diminished by the fortunate coincidence which brought us the letter which we had occasion to publish on p. 408 of the last number of THE ATHENÆUM. Therefore we may content ourselves with reproducing the more remarkable extracts from Mr. Boyd Cable's composition :

I know the stock argument that Art has no nationality. On that argument we must admit all Hun music, opera, musical comedy, any play, any picture, any sculpture the Huns care to give us. . . We must accept Hun musicians, and orchestras, and painters . . . although our own starve ; and presently I may be asked to go and applaud the brute who killed Nurse Cavell or Captain Fryatt—if he is an artist and comes to Queen's Hall. . . .

There may be no bounds to Art, but there are bounds to decency, and it is not decent that men who have fought and suffered for years, that women who have had their husbands and sons murdered, should have Hun music forced on them, see British posters of flaring advertisements of Schuberts, and Webers, and Wagners, or any other Huns. Let the newspapers refuse to advertise Hun concerts, let British musicians refuse to play Hun music, and let the British public refuse to have it !

We have long been accustomed to portents in the intellectual heavens, and it may be considered mistaken on our part to allow them to attract our curiosity now. We do so, however, not in the hope of exorcizing them by argument—the pudibund Mr. Boyd Cable knows all our arguments beforehand, and is therefore inexpugnable—but in the conviction that it is not the least of our duties to be the intellectual chroniclers of the present age.

Had not the optimism been knocked out of us long ago, we should have considered the expression of such sentiments as these fantastic and impossible. Indeed, it is not optimism which is refuted by their public utterance, but the soberest conclusions of historical experience. Never before in history has such essential barbarism been openly advocated.

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Acts of barbarism have been committed in all wars; but it has been left to the present age to witness, and apparently to tolerate, the deliberate advocacy of barbarism in time of peace. A man who reads history with open eyes may reach disquieting conclusions concerning the elements and impulses of mankind, but we are convinced that he would never discover a belligerent nation, no matter how bloody and brutal in the actual conduct of war, in time of peace summoned, in the name of patriotism, to deprive itself of contact with the consummate intellectual and artistic achievement of its aforetime enemy.

Such things are not to be found in history. What may be found is a tradition of homage to the art of nations vanquished on the battlefield. It was not a Greek but a Roman poet who made the proud boast: *Graecia capta ferros victores cepit*; and this superb humility of Rome was her just title to the empire of the world. Charles XI of France brought back from his victorious invasion of Italy not slaves, but men of art and science as his venerated guests. In the middle of the Napoleonic war the Institute of France bestowed its highest honour upon Sir Humphry Davy. The mark of greatness is in things of the spirit to bow to

the best, and this obeisance is the gesture of civilization itself. It is an integral part of the tradition of civilized behaviour. Deny it, and you pluck out a corner stone from the edifice of the ages. The building, which now demands the united efforts of the finest minds of every nation to buttress and repair it, falls into ruin; and the world is plunged into barbarism again.

There is an instinct in civilized men which holds them back from such a denial and a suicide. Where the instinct is lacking, civilization has not entered in. No argument is possible with a man who, knowing the arguments, is not convinced by them; he is guilty of invincible ignorance. Nor, in point of fact, though we are indeed no optimists but only men of good will, do we believe that such unbalanced outpourings

will persuade. Those who might be persuaded by them are indifferent to spiritual things; or if they are roused from their apathy by a misdemeanour so vulgar, their momentary attention fades, and they sink back to sluggishness again. It would need a movement more angry and persistent than any Mr. Boyd Cable could arouse to compel the newspapers to refuse advertisements. And we are patriots enough to believe that English musicians are single enough in pursuit of their art to reject with ignominy those charlatans who, claiming to be of their number, should endeavour to insinuate themselves into popularity and remuneration behind an agitation so despicable.

It is not, therefore, the permanent material effects of the agitation which we fear. If there were nothing worse to apprehend, Mr. Boyd Cable's effusion might well remain in the obscurity proper to it. But it is conceivable that the agitation might have effect for a day; a suborned or an ignorant crowd might wreck a Beethoven recital, or gather to molest Mr. Lamond outside the concert-hall. The stigma of such an outburst would be indelible from the nation. The future historian, even though he knew that a morning headache had followed so drunken a debauch, would yet be compelled to indicate the nadir of our degradation. And we, though we stand apart in amazement and disgust, should be involved in the contempt that such barbarism would infallibly encounter. We must accept the risk of being thus involved; we are not free from responsibility for the manners of the age in which we live. No matter what we may do, or how much we may disclaim, some share of the guilt must fall upon us. But by protest we do at least diminish our responsibility; our silence could only increase it.

One thing, however, neither our silence nor our protest can achieve. We cannot abolish the fact of Mr. Boyd Cable's letter nor that of our correspondent; they are on record for the curious historian to consult. He will diagnose these symptoms of morbid degeneracy; and we need not anticipate his unpleasant diagnosis. It may be argued that it were better that we should conceal them, on the principle that patriots such as we claim to be do not uncover their nation's nakedness. But why should we pretend to be better than we are? What do we gain by the pretence? In time of war, when intellectual honesty is necessarily curbed to accord with national apologetic, and as many base as noble impulses are indulged under the cloak of patriotism, the general apprehension of spiritual values is slowly and insensibly coarsened. We begin to be incapable of taking a moral reckoning and determining our position in the spiritual history of humanity. At such moments, when the sensibility is dulled, we need to look doubly hard at such phenomena as these. Events which at other times would be passed by as too fantastic to be significant, now demand our attention and commentary. The very fact that they no longer appear fantastic at first sight is the measure of our danger, and of the necessity of immediately isolating them, so far as may be, from the background of spiritual chaos against which they so quickly disappear and are lost.

FICTION AND PERPETUAL LIFE

MANY years ago—several years even before the war—Mr. Wells wrote an article in which he explained just what he was doing with the Contemporary Novel, and just what he proposed to do with it; and while I have forgotten most of the things he said I have remembered one of them. He spoke, I remember, of his pleasure in the fact that Shakespeare, having created Falstaff, ran him through several plays; and of his regret that Dickens did not do the same with some of his characters. I do not remember that Mr. Wells expressed (or even necessarily implied) any intention of making use of his own people more than once, and I do not think, as a matter of fact, that his subsequent fiction has shown him, in any marked degree, to have done so. He expressed a casual liking, and he was generally out for freedom and fluidity. But the effect of his remark seems to have been to draw attention to the practice as a possible one; and such is the influence of Mr. Wells upon his younger contemporaries that it is to-day the rarest thing to pick up a novel in which one of the persons of the story at least is not enjoying his or her second or third incarnation.

One finds the tendency at its most marked, perhaps, in the novels of Mr. Compton Mackenzie. In or about the year Mr. Wells wrote his article, Mr. Mackenzie wrote his "Carnival," a novel which enjoyed a great and legitimate success. It was, essentially, a love-story—a story which threw its protagonists together, sundered them, destroyed the one, and threw the other (for his stupidity) on the scrap-heap. The reading public, having finished with Mr. Mackenzie's Jenny, were not enormously concerned, I think, to hear any more about Mr. Mackenzie's Maurice. The book was done, and that was an end of it. They awaited with anticipation the next book Mr. Mackenzie would give them. Mr. Mackenzie gave them "Sinister Street," with a new hero, named Michael. It was not until Michael went to Oxford that he found Maurice there, together with one Guy. There was in the book, it may be remembered, a young woman named Sylvia; but Michael became a priest, and that, we thought, was the end of him. Mr. Mackenzie's next book, very naturally, was about Guy—and Pauline (Pauline being, as M. Diaghileff would say, a "creation"). He finished with Guy, and then, you might suppose, he was at an end of his stock in hand. But not at all: he revived Sylvia, and told all about *her* from the beginning; and when she caught up with herself in Michael's pages, of course Michael had to come to life again too. And Maurice and Guy came in: I will not say like lost sheep—but bringing their tales behind them. Mr. Mackenzie has lately found that Michael, contrary to his own expectation, did not stay a priest, but followed Sylvia around Europe, and ended (but "ended" is a rash word) by marrying her. The total effect of Mr. Mackenzie's fiction is not to lead us to believe that there have been about five people in the world and that they are dead—as a caustic writer once said was the effect of a Classical Education—but rather to lead us to believe that there are about five people in the world at present and that nothing

in the world can kill them. And that this should be so is very extraordinary in a writer who has been at such pains to populate his pages.

There is something in all this that requires to be differentiated sharply from the method of Mr. Bennett, a method which he had very gravely embarked upon at a date prior to that of Mr. Wells's article. There are no strange cousinships (that I remember) between the Baineses and the Clayhangers, and this although, or so one imagines, the Five Towns really is a rather small world. Mr. Bennett completed one narrative, and he then embarked on another. His second narrative happens to have run through four books and to have arrived at the third generation; but it is no surprise that it should do so. It is the self-contained history of a family—a history as self-contained in four books (at present) as the history of another family was self-contained in one. In consequence, everything in it (whatever may have been, or may yet be, the secret history of Mr. Bennett's impulses to go on or not to go on) has, and will continue to have, quite extraordinarily the air of premeditation. In calling into existence, by a sustained effort of creative imagination, the original Clayhangers, Mr. Bennett has earned for himself the right to go on dealing with the affairs of their heirs and assigns for ever. They exist into the future, as it were, and have only to be caught up with, at Mr. Bennett's convenience, in order to be dealt with. It is the highest possible tribute to Mr. Bennett's rights in his own method that when Edwin and Hilda drove up in a taxicab into George Cannon's novel the other day, we were so far from resenting their appearance as an intrusion that we were delighted to see them—they were exactly like that, we knew, at the rate they had gone on living away there in the Midlands. There is the greatest difference in this from the system of adventitious relationships which Mr. Mackenzie has popularized; and it will be time enough to suspect Mr. Bennett of belonging to the perpetual-life school when he brings young George into the entourage of his pretty lady, or causes Clayhanger to step ashore from his yacht into the existence of the young woman who wanted the lion's share—a kind of thing which he has not done up to the present.

But, having drawn this distinction, I have an uneasy sense that, in accrediting to Mr. Mackenzie priority in the method, I may be doing Mr. Walpole an injustice. Mr. Walpole's books, I feel sure, must amount to a regular triumph in this kind of mosaic work; but through the misfortune of a less perfect acquaintance with them, I am unable to state with equal particularity when he began in it. That we have heard about Maradick at other ages than forty, and in books not primarily devoted to him, I am willing to swear; but whether this gives Mr. Walpole prior rights must be left to someone else to determine. What is certain is that Mr. Walpole's successive works have been related to one another by some such continuity in the persons, major or minor, as obtains in the novels of Mr. Mackenzie; and they constitute by now, I have no doubt, a small cosmos, or a risen city, through which at least some one person—I think perhaps his name is Trenchard—must have the privilege of wandering.

Is it permissible, I wonder, to ask how much is gained by this practice; and to suggest that not much is gained? I shall be answered, I know, with the high name of Balzac (whom Mr. Wells, I think, did not mention). But the curious thing about Balzac, in this connection, is, that while it is perfectly true that some of his people from one book do appear in another, the final impression one keeps of his masterpieces is not of their relationship in a scheme, but of their totally satisfying independent existence. Perhaps, by the time Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Walpole, and the one or two other writers who seem to be showing a disposition to follow them in this practice, have written as long and as much as Balzac, it will be possible to say the same of their works: in which case, by raising this question prematurely, I shall have done them injustice. But one inclines to think that Balzac could have gone as far in his "*Comédie Humaine*" without this notion; whereas, in his followers, one suspects that it is in the notion that some special virtue is supposed to reside. With the name of Thackeray, who alone among English writers (unless we make a case for Trollope) is particularly identified with the notion until we come to the present, I do not think I am so likely to be answered: because, for some reason, the name of Thackeray is not much called upon to-day. But with Thackeray the thing really was a notion, and not a scheme at all. It was a notion to make Pendennis edit "*The Newcomes*," and a notion to give the Virginians to Esmond for grandsons; and, unless some chivalrous heart were pained to think that Beatrix could become the Baroness, one cannot suppose that anyone was ever seriously bothered either way. If we are to have perpetual life in fiction, I would rather have it as an occasional notion than as a scheme. I rejoice, with Queen Elizabeth and Mr. Wells, that Shakespeare was prevailed upon to show the fat knight in love; but I do not go on to wish, with Mr. Wells, for Pickwick and Micawber *passim*. I much prefer them in their particular books, where I can read not only about them, but all about them. If they came in again, I should be sure they had changed unaccountably, and for the worse. It is really a personal predilection in this matter that one confesses to. I like my pleasures singly. I like to finish one book, and then to get on with another. I much prefer Mr. Somebody's new novel to a further instalment in Mr. Somebody's *comédie humaine*. So far from receiving some peculiarly convincing illusion of reality from the renewed appearance of his persons, I am bored by having to join the author in supposing that since he once created them they must still be alive. I am inclined to think that there is some pretentiousness in this assumption. I do not consider that Mr. Hardy's novels would be better for a community of characters; or that Tolstoy's "*War and Peace*" would have been a greater book if it had dealt with the grandparents of Levin and Anna. I like to think that there are as many separate people in the world as I find in Tchekhov's pages, and not as few as I find in Mr. Mackenzie's. When I go into the Strand I see people I do not know, and I like it to be the same in my fiction.

P. P. HOWE.

MOODS AND THE BALLET

THERE are two moods in which the finished conception of the artist may be confronted, the mood of acceptance and the mood of criticism; and of these the mood of acceptance is the more common. It is usually believed that the mood of criticism is proper to experienced persons, and the mood of acceptance proper to the inexperienced, to children, for instance; but to reflect on this is to see that it is a false assumption. Children criticize at least as often as they accept, or they only appear to accept because of the difficulty of defining their objections. And their elders accept because they have lost the early freshness of perception without having gained compensation from intelligence and power of distinction. Experience falls upon experience, like snow on snow, until all is muffled in silence and marred by the common traffic.

It is hard to forget experience and renew one's mind. But supposing that hard task done, and the adult, re-perceiving mind, child's and man's in one, watching the Russian ballet; in which mood might that threefold display of motion, colour and sound find such an audience? Would there be pure, delighted acceptance, or would the strangely freshened mind question, hesitate, oppose and judge? Would it become aware of one clear internal rhythm in that threefold display—so cunning, so accomplished, so interwoven—a rhythm making of what shows and what sounds something far other than show and sound? Or would it be separately aware of the sufficient music, of the less sufficient dance, and of an excess in the union of the two? Would that preternaturally natural mind cry out, "Hold! you give me too much, you attempt too much. Music is here, with its clear and lovely expressiveness; the mime, the dancer, weave too their bright explicit notions; but the dance does not help the music, nor ever can; and the music is made servant-partner to the dance, and for ever must be while that alliance is presumed."

And with what odd, unagitated smile may the distant ghost of Chopin or Moussorgsky, Stravinsky or Schumann, slide into the deeper shadows of the orchestra and sit there tingling with the chief vicissitude to which the musician is exposed—the vicissitude of interpretation! Without that vicissitude his work is forgotten; yet by it his work may be murdered and must be changed. But by this marriage with the dance there enters another series of vicissitudes, and the musician, listening there with no earthly ear, may catch that imagined cry of "Hold! you attempt too much!" and may echo it. For the musician is, if any may be, the imaginative artist.

But to all this the normal experienced audience has an answer, and declares that answer by its nightly satisfaction. The ballet adds incident, story, humour, pathos, passion to the aerial inhumanity of sound; it "pictures" music and popularizes what is rare. The ballet gives a body to the bodiless. Clearly in this lies more than half of the attractiveness of the present Russian season at the Alhambra. And, indeed, who would forgo those humours, that pathos, and content himself with the pure single art of sound?

Between these two I shall not attempt to decide,

except by my own preference. I shall say that both are right, because they are different. To the first, that is to the imaginative mind, either the music or the dance is an irrelevance; and it is not the music that intrudes. The brightness, the swiftness of the ballet may please, but does not, therefore, the less displease that which regards it from within. Incident, story and the rest do but mean emphasis, and emphasis disturbs the imagination. Even the swiftness defeats rather than excites, for rhythm becomes dissipated into particles, and there remains little of that musing beauty which the slow rhythms of modern poetry discover and release. Where it is audible, as in "Les Sylphides," you are aware that it has survived rather than been exalted.

But to the experienced mind, unable to forget, all this is foolishness, as was the preaching of St. Paul to the Greeks. Hypertrophied sensibility and the desire of beauty have wrought the audience to a profound acceptance of the Russian ballet as the beauty that is chiefly desirable; a beauty from which imagination has been coldly driven away, and invention called in her place. Now invention is inexhaustible and human, but imagination is unsearchable and only half human.

JOHN FREEMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

I have read your letter

again and again . . .

Here, where laburnum mingles with lilac scent,
and the young green of leaves,

I came to read it . . . yet now I do not know at all
what I had hoped to feel here. . . .

. . . the scorching sunlight cleaves
through the thick-hung branches overhead,
pours down and sears my eyes. . . .

Surely I have become blind?

I cannot even utter this pain in sound. . . .

. . . I am closed all around
by the blinding waves that beat
in on me. . . .

. . . a crystal in a flood of aching heat. . . .

Let me see . . .

. . . let me think . . .

I always thought the Spring made sense so clear,
yet I can't remember what I've seen or heard
these last few moments . . . this unbearable
light. . . .

Spring must be late this year;

—never before have I known myself to shrink
in May from such sharp cold . . .

. . . yet the leaves are curled with heat,—seem
already old. . . .

But where's my mind? . . .

. . . it's curious that I find

I can't distinguish thought from sight and
sound . . .

. . . I only know that overhead some bird
has taken flight,

and, fallen mistily before my sight,
a shower of delicate golden petals lies,
already stained with dust, on the sun-tortured
ground. . . .

LEIGH HENRY.

Ruhleben Internment Camp, Germany, 1917.

REVIEWS

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

POEMS OF GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS. Edited with notes by Robert Bridges. (Oxford, University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

MODERN poetry, like the modern consciousness of which it is the epitome, seems to stand irresolute at a crossways with no signpost. It is hardly conscious of its own indecision, which it manages to conceal from itself by insisting that it is lyrical, whereas it is merely impressionist. The value of impressions depends upon the quality of the mind which receives and renders them, and to be lyrical demands at least as firm a temper of the mind, as definite and unfaltering a general direction, as to be epic. Roughly speaking, the present poetical fashion may, with a few conspicuous exceptions, be described as poetry without tears. The poet may assume a hundred personalities in as many poems, or manifest a hundred influences, or he may work a single sham personality threadbare or render piecemeal an undigested influence. What he may not do, or do only at the risk of being unfashionable, is to attempt what we may call, for the lack of a better word, the logical progression of an *œuvre*. One has no sense of the rhythm of an achievement. There is an output of scraps, which are scraps, not because they are small, but because one scrap stands in no organic relation to another in the poet's work. Instead of lending each other strength, they betray each other's weakness.

Yet the organic progression for which we look, generally in vain, is not peculiar to poetic genius of the highest rank. If it were, we might be accused of mere querulousness. The rhythm of personality is hard, indeed, to achieve. The simple mind and the single outlook are now too rare to be considered as near possibilities, while the task of tempering a mind to a comprehensive adequacy to modern experience is not an easy one. The desire to escape and the desire to be lost in life were probably never so intimately associated as they are now; and it is a little preposterous to ask a moth fluttering round a candle-flame to see life steadily and see it whole. We happen to have been born into an age without perspective; hence our idolatry for the one living poet and prose writer who has it and comes, or appears to come, from another age. But another rhythm is possible. No doubt it would be mistaken to consider this rhythm as in fact wholly divorced from the rhythm of personality; it probably demands at least a minimum of personal coherence in its possessor. For critical purposes, however, they are distinct. This second and subsidiary rhythm is that of technical progression. The single pursuit of even the most subordinate artistic intention gives unity, significance, mass to a poet's work. When Verlaine declares "*de la musique avant toute chose*," we know where we are. And we know this not in the obvious sense of expecting his verse to be predominantly musical; but in the more important sense of desiring to take a man seriously who declares for anything "*avant toute chose*."

It is the "*avant toute chose*" that matters, not as a profession of faith—we do not greatly like professions of faith—but as the guarantee of the universal in the particular, of the *dianoia* in the episode. It is the "*avant toute chose*" that we chiefly miss in modern poetry and modern society and in their quaint concatenations. It is the "*avant toute chose*" that leads us to respect both Mr. Hardy and Mr. Bridges, though we give all our affection to one of them. It is the "*avant toute chose*" that compels us to admire the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins; it is the "*avant toute chose*" in his work which, as we believe, would have condemned him to obscurity to-day, if he had not (after many years) had Mr. Bridges, who

was his friend, to stand sponsor and the Oxford University Press to stand the racket. Apparently Mr. Bridges himself is something of our opinion, for his introductory sonnet ends on a disdainful note:

Go forth: amidst our chaffinch flock display
Thy plumage of far wonder and heavenward flight!

It is from a sonnet written by Hopkins to Mr. Bridges that we take the most concise expression of his artistic intention, for the poet's explanatory preface is not merely technical, but is written in a technical language peculiar to himself. Moreover, its scope is small; the sonnet tells us more in two lines than the preface in four pages.

O then if in my lagging lines you miss
The roll, the rise, the carol, the creation. . . .

There is his "*avant toute chose*." Perhaps it seems very like "*de la musique*," But it tells us more about Hopkins' music than Verlaine's line told us about his. This music is of a particular kind, not the "*sanglots du violon*," but pre-eminently the music of song, the music most proper to lyrical verse. If one were to seek in English the lyrical poem to which Hopkins' definition could be most fittingly applied, one would find Shelley's "*Skylark*." A technical progression onwards from the "*Skylark*" is accordingly the main line of Hopkins' poetical evolution. There are other, stranger threads interwoven; but this is the chief. Swinburne, rightly enough if the intention of true song is considered, appears hardly to have existed for Hopkins, though he was his contemporary. There is an element of Keats in his epithets, a half-echo in "*whorlèd ear*" and "*lark-charmèd*"; there is an aspiration after Milton's architectonic in the construction of the later sonnets and the most lucid of the fragments, "*Epithalamion*." But the central point of departure is the "*Skylark*." The "*May Magnificat*" is evidence of his achievement in the direct line:

Ask of her, the mighty mother:
Her reply puts this other
Question: What is Spring?—
Growth in everything—

Flesh and fleece, fur and feather,
Grass and greenworld all together;
Star-eyed strawberry-breasted
Throstle above her nested
Cluster of bugle-blue eggs thin
Forms and warms the life within. . . .

. . . When drop-of-blood-and-foam-dapple
Bloom lights the orchard-apple,
And thicket and thorp are merry
With silver-surfed cherry,

And azuring-over greybell makes
Wood banks and brakes wash wet like lakes
And magic cuckoo-call
Caps, clears, and clinches all. . . .

That is the primary element manifested in one of its simplest most recognizable, and some may feel most beautiful forms. But a melody so simple, though it is perhaps the swiftest of which the English language is capable without the obscurity which comes of the drowning of sense in sound, did not satisfy Hopkins. He aimed at complex internal harmonies, at a counterpoint of rhythm; for this more complex element he coined an expressive word of his own:

But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music and design in painting, so design, pattern, or what I am in the habit of calling *inscape* is what I above all aim at in poetry.

Here then, in so many words, is Hopkins' "*avant toute chose*" at a higher level of elaboration. "*Inscape*" is still, in spite of the apparent differentiation, musical; but a quality of formalism seems to have entered with the specific designation. With formalism comes rigidity; and in this case the rigidity is bound to overwhelm the sense. For the relative constant in the composition of poetry is the law of language which admits only a certain amount

of adaptation. Musical design must be subordinate to it, and the poet should be aware that even in speaking of musical design he is indulging a metaphor. Hopkins admitted this, if we may judge by his practice, only towards the end of his life. There is no escape by sound from the meaning of the posthumous sonnets, though we may hesitate to pronounce whether this directness was due to a modification of his poetical principles or to the urgency of the content of the sonnets, which, concerned with a matter of life and death, would permit no obscuring of their sense for musical reasons.

I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day.
What hours, O what black hours we have spent
This night! what sights you, heart, saw; ways you went!
And more must in yet longer light's delay.
With witness I speak this. But where I say
Hours I mean years, mean life. And my lament
Is cries countless, cries like dead letters sent
To dearest him that lives, alas! away.

There is compression, but not beyond immediate comprehension; music, but a music of overtones; rhythm, but a rhythm which explicates meaning and makes it more intense.

Between the "May Magnificat" and these sonnets is the bulk of Hopkins' poetical work and his peculiar achievement. Perhaps it could be regarded as a phase in his evolution towards the "more balanced and Miltonic style" which he hoped for, and of which the posthumous sonnets are precursors; but the attempt to see him from this angle would be perverse. Hopkins was not the man to feel, save on exceptional occasions, that urgency of content of which we have spoken. The communication of thought was seldom the dominant impulse of his creative moment, and it is curious how simple his thought often proves to be when the obscurity of his language has been penetrated. Musical elaboration is the chief characteristic of his work, and for this reason what seem to be the strangest of his experiments are his most essential achievement. So, for instance, "The Golden Echo":

Spare!
There is one, yes I have one (Hush there!);
Only not within seeing of sun,
Not within the singing of the strong sun,
Tall sun's tingeing, or treacherous the tainting of the earth's air,
Somewhere else where there is ah well where! one,
One. Yes I can tell such a key, I do know such a place,
Where whatever's prized and passes of us, everything that's fresh
and fast flying of us, seems to us sweet of us and swiftly away
with, done away with, undone,
Undone, done with, soon done with, and yet clearly and dan-
gerously sweet
Of us, the wimpled-water-dimpled, not-by-morning-matched face,
The flower of beauty, fleece of beauty, too too apt to, ah! to fleet!
Never fleets more, fastened with the tenderest truth
To its own best being and its loveliness of youth. . . .

Than this, Hopkins truly wrote, "I never did anything more musical." By his own verdict and his own standards it is therefore the finest thing that Hopkins did. Yet even here, where the general beauty is undoubted, is not the music too obvious? Is it not always on the point of degenerating into a jingle—as much an exhibition of the limitations of a poetical theory as of its capabilities? The tyranny of the "avant toute chose" upon a mind in which the other things were not stubborn and self-assertive is apparent. Hopkins' mind was irresolute concerning the quality of his own poetical ideal. A coarse and clumsy assonance seldom spread its snare in vain. Exquisite openings are involved in disaster:

When will you ever, Peace, wild wood dove, shy wings shut
Your round me roaming end, and under be my boughs?
When, when, Peace, will you, Peace? I'll not play hypocrite
To own my heart: I yield you do come sometimes; but
That piecemeal peace is poor peace. What pure peace. . . .

And the more wonderful opening of "Windhover" likewise sinks, far less disastrously, but still perceptibly:

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-
dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his
riding
Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding
High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing
In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing.
As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and
the gliding
Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding
Stirred for a bird,—the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

We have no doubt that "stirred for a bird" was an added excellence to the poet's ear; to our sense it is a serious blemish on lines which have "the roll, the rise, the carol, the creation."

There is no good reason why we should give characteristic specimens of the poet's obscurity, since our aim is to induce people to read him. The obscurities will slowly vanish and something of the intention appear; and they will find in him many of the strange beauties won by men who push on to the borderlands of their science; they will speculate whether the failure of his whole achievement was due to the starvation of experience which his vocation imposed upon him, or to a fundamental vice in his poetical endeavour. For ourselves we believe that the former was the true cause. His "avant toute chose" whirling dizzily in a spiritual vacuum, met with no salutary resistance to modify, inform and strengthen it. Hopkins told the truth of himself—the reason why he must remain a poets' poet:

I want the one rapture of an inspiration.
O then if in my lagging lines you miss
The roll, the rise, the carol, the creation,
My winter world, that scarcely yields that bliss
Now, yields you, with some sighs, our explanation.

J. M. M.

BREAKABLE BUTTERFLIES

DIMINUTIVE DRAMAS. By Maurice Baring. (Martin Secker. 4s. net.)

CAN it be that as the years roll by one becomes more entertaining to oneself? The notion seems too fantastic. Yet, while life on the whole remains as amusing as ever, less and less of the amusement can be ascribed to the efforts of others. They can provide beauty and pathos and seriousness; but when it comes to being light, quaint, dainty, semi-satirical and mildly allusive, surely one does it just as well oneself, either in solitude or under the stimulus of a cup of tea. For this reason, the incidental in literature must pass a very severe test. Unable to draw on our sense of reverence, it has to satisfy our standards of perfection. Since it does not attempt greatness, we require it to have all other qualities in every line—playfulness, brilliancy, form, good taste, atmosphere. These little plays of Mr. Baring's first appeared in the *Morning Post*, and very lucky it was to get them, and very enjoyable would be the house party which produced them with the author as stage manager. One would go away in great elation. But when the plays are bound in a book and the acting rights are reserved, criticisms occur, such as "Surely in my undergraduate days we used to be quite as fanciful about Euripides," or "After all, is it any better than what they got up at old Mrs. Penny's?" When literature sets out to beat life in trivialities it takes on a very serious job, and perhaps only succeeds when it conceals something that is not trivial. Gilbert's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" is a good play as well as a skit on "Hamlet." Mr. Max Beerbohm's "Christmas Garland" contains among its verdure some exquisite blossoms of insight, and some very sharp thorns. But Mr. Baring is neither a practised dramatist nor an acute critic. There is nothing to support him below the surface. When, like all men, he falls, the ice breaks and he goes in. Old Mrs. Penny fell too,

but she didn't go in because she was the hostess and our sense of obligation broke her weight; we said, "At all events, she gave us lovely strawberries." If only Mr. Baring could give away a strawberry or some other edible trifle with each of his volumes, the still small voice of criticism would be stifled at once. As it is, one raises a quavering complaint—quavering, for the volume is full of quite jolly things.

"Caligula's Picnic" is a good example. The scene is "A large banqueting table in the centre of a bridge, which stretches for three miles between Puteoli and Baiæ. The Emperor Caligula is reclining in the place of honour. There are hundreds of guests." An excellent stage direction, promising fantasy and amplitude. But the ensuing dialogue does not follow it up. The trivialities about roast boar and the drama are not so amusing as life. Consider what it must have actually been to picnic with Caligula, the mixture of anxiety and elation; consider what the philosopher Philo did, historically, go through when he ran after the Emperor in the middle of house decorators and plumbers, trying all the time to justify the religion of the Jews. The atmosphere should be so rich in fun. But Mr. Baring makes no play until he gets to the speeches. These are very funny; while listening to them one feels that the picnic is after all a success. There is the Prefect of Puteoli proposing the health of the Emperor, "who with his knowledge of the Roman heart has had the happy, the graceful, nay more, the truly Imperial and truly Roman idea of joining the two cities by this elegant and monumental bridge." There is the Prefect of Baiæ, who, having to propose the Army, compares the bridge to a battle. And there is the Army's reply:

Citizens, my trade is to speak and not to act—I mean to act and not to speak. (Loud cheers.) I am a humble particle of what has so rightly been called the great dumb one. (Cheers.) I thank you all very much for drinking the last toast, and I in my turn have great pleasure in proposing the toast which comes next on the list, namely the toast of Literature (cheers) . . . coupled with that of the divine Emperor, who, as we all know, is a first-rate author himself. (Cheers.)

An elderly poet then rises to read his "short epic in six cantos" called "The Bridge"; but before he can begin Caligula gives a signal, and the guests are thrown into the sea. And here, for the second time in one little drama, Mr. Baring trips. The catastrophe should be far more sumptuous and bizarre. Appropriate cries should proceed from the previous speakers, from the orators especially. But we are given a brief stage direction, and there it ends. Think of the catastrophe of "Zuleika Dobson," when all the undergraduates of Oxford, except one, drown themselves. How satisfying! Perhaps that is why one has grown rather heavy-handed about "amusing" literature: one is always comparing it with the incomparable achievements of Max. Butterflies, they do say, should not be broken on a wheel. And unbreakable butterflies, though they exist, are necessarily rare.

E. M. F.

THERE is now on view at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, the collection of his own drawings which Ruskin gave to the Oxford Drawing School when he founded it in 1871. The collection is remarkably full, and representative of Ruskin's delicate work, of which, indeed, he held no high opinion himself. But the drawings, which were originally given for educational purposes (either to serve as drawing copies or to illustrate his own æsthetic principles), have their historical value. His exquisite absorption in natural detail gives him his place in the evolution of English Pre-Raphaelitism. Probably that portion of his work which retains the most interest for a modern taste is the sensitive and careful pencil drawings of architecture, of which many beautiful specimens (e.g., the Piazza dei Signori, Verona, and "Abbeville") are exhibited in the Ashmolean.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS

THE LIFE OF AUGUSTIN DALY. By Joseph Francis Daly. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

THIS is one of the primitive biographies, recording every fact, but scarcely attempting composition. It is addressed manifestly to a group of people who have a peculiar relish for old theatre programmes—those "lovers of the stage and its traditions" to whom the book is dedicated. For many readers, therefore, the interest which certainly exists is of an indirect nature. We are interested that other people should be interested. What is it that holds them spell-bound in this vast collection of faded programmes thirty or forty years of age? What is this passion for the stage?

Mr. Daly makes no attempt to define, and none certainly to justify. Directly the two small brothers, Augustin and Joseph, are conscious of any desire whatever, they know that they wish to own a theatre. Augustin, the leader in the life-long companionship, set up his first theatre in the back-yard of their house in New York. All the fittings were ready and the opening announced, when "it suddenly occurred to him that he had no play." Equally characteristic, though in the circumstances more remarkable, is the fact that "he was absolutely without ambition to act." He appeared upon the stage only twice, and to judge by the names of his productions his taste in the drama was so casual and catholic that one can easily believe that he sometimes forgot about the play. His passion was to "manage the production." Some desire he had, originally at least, to break with tradition, to eliminate stars, and to found his theatre upon the French model; but this fades into insignificance, if it is not crushed out of existence, by the rapacity of the other appetite. Impelled by this instinct, he possessed two theatres, was building a third, and had three companies to provide for by the time he was thirty-five. The long reel of the names of the forgotten and apparently meretricious dramas with which he kept his companies supplied makes the head spin. Melodrama of the most sensational kind alternated with plays of Shakespeare and Wycherley re-written by Mr. Daly so that "all the gaiety and charm of the situations," robbed of their coarseness, remained. Once set in activity, the machine for producing plays could never stop. If one fails, the gorged and capricious public must be tempted by a fly of a brighter tint or a more audacious shape. For all the insight that Mr. Daly gives us into his brother's mind, he might have been one of those men of iron will and instant determination who lead armies to victory or provide a continent with pills.

But a difference, subtle but unmistakable, between this business and other businesses makes itself felt. Mr. Daly had no desire to amass a fortune. The gilt and carving—"the doors were ornamented with wood carving . . . which none of the general public had time to observe"—the curtains specially embroidered at Milan in silk, the carpets of velvet, the crimson satin drop curtains, the first of their kind in existence, were for the theatre alone. Everything was for the theatre. When, reluctantly and with an air of embarrassment, Mr. Daly appeared on the stage in answer to calls, "he is generally dusty, and not infrequently there is a big dab of whitewash or some other colour rubbed from the scene upon some part of his clothing." He was a reserved and rather unpopular man who worked eighteen hours a day in his theatre and insisted that his rule there was absolute.

But beyond the gambler's excitement of throwing gold upon the table and watching it multiply or disappear, we are able to detect now in a name, now in a letter, and now everywhere rather than anywhere in particular what is called "the glamour of the stage." The pen of Mrs. John Wood at once transports us to a more generous and richly lighted world. "My dear person," she writes, "nothing shall prevent my seeing you. You leave Victoria Station . . . arriving here at one o'clock—where you would behold your Peach blossom on the plank." She ends her letters, "Yours muchly Matilda," or "Yours until we meet and long after"; she signs herself "Peachblossom" or "Thalia." The charm begins to work. We feel, a little prematurely perhaps, admitted behind the scenes; invited into dressing-rooms where, among the tinsel and the rouge, the atmosphere is deliciously warm and full of the vibrations of temperament. They talk of "plays that would add to the incomparable fame of the great Shakespeare himself." Miss Avonia Jones declares, "I must tell you that my style is passionate. When I love it must be madly. . . Hate, revenge, despair, sarcasm and resistless love are what I glory in." Good Miss Jones, Daly calls her, and adds that she enjoys the domestic virtues of a cow. Old Charlotte Cushman, famous in the early part of the century for her representation of Meg Merrilies, complains that "the trouble nowadays exists in the actors—they lack respect for the profession." And there are vast numbers of young men and women, conscious of inspiration (or, as one of them puts it, "I have the volcanic temperature"), who demand that the chief parts shall at once be allotted to them, though, as one lady thinks it necessary to warn Mr. Daly, "in acting tragic parts my emotion, which is apt to carry me away, may prove perilous to the gentleman who plays with me." Indeed, their emotion perpetually carries them away, though it proves perilous rather to them than to others. Faithless as they appear in breaking contracts and deserting to the rival manager, they can always be trusted to flock to the support of any of their number who have fallen upon evil days. This is no uncommon predicament. To judge from the frequency of benefits and bankruptcies, to settle down upon their own land, which is said to be their ambition, is the rarest consummation. "The actor," said Mr. Daly, "lives and dies in the present." When the money floods in after a successful season they lavish it childishly and ostentatiously. Even Augustin Daly, though personally abstemious, must indulge a mania for "extra-illustrating" such books as Knight's Shakespeare, which he swells to forty-four volumes with 3,700 plates, or employ an artist to decorate the margins of books with pen-and-ink drawings, or collect first editions of the Waverley novels which, bound in full levant, with gilt tops and uncut, were destined—so one feels—to remain permanently in that condition. When they come up for auction, as periodically happens, they fetch much less than he gave for them.

For the actor, however, it is not merely bankruptcy of coin that has to be dreaded, but bankruptcy of applause. "Applause!" Miss Ada Rehan exclaims. "We must have it!" The public tires or changes its taste. About the year 1894, as Mrs. John Wood testifies, the case of the old comic actress, faced with the advent of the problem play, was hard indeed. "It is not my fault I've not acted," she writes, "—it's the authors who are to blame. They won't be funny, and they are driving me to tragedy—I can't even spell the word, how shall I act it? But what is to become

of me?" Must she really play Emilia in "Othello"? She need not have been alarmed. Mr. Daly's prediction that "musical comedies are destined to be the permanent attraction everywhere" was fulfilled. In the last of his productions a coach-and-four drove across the stage; and the mounting of "The Great Ruby" was magnificent beyond precedent. But the strain was too much for him; a lawsuit threatened; the pecuniary situation was difficult, and in the midst of splendours and embarrassments he died worn out.

MODERN HEBREW POETRY

HEBREW POETRY OF TO-DAY; AND EZEKIEL. By I. Wassilevsky. (Manchester, Sherratt & Hughes. 3s.)

THERE are studies of modern Hebrew poetry or translations in French, Italian, German, and Swedish, but until Mr. I. Wassilevsky published his two lectures there was practically nothing in English. Modern Hebrew poetry is the work of Russian Jews. It is definitely secular poetry, and has sprung up wholly independently of the Liturgy. It is also national Jewish poetry. Practically every poetic form of non-Jewish literature has been adopted or copied by the modern Hebrew poet, and many non-Jewish influences cry out from his work. Byron and the amorist and the atheist, conservatism and nihilism in thought, all find expression. Nevertheless the stuff of all this poetry and what gives it vitality and promise is Jewish. The Hebrew poet, even in revolt against Judaism, is Jewish to the core. The revolt of the Hebrew poet is as old as Job, and the God of the Hebrews still argues with the Jew and in the Jewish poet as in the days of the Psalmist. The mere fact that these poets write in Hebrew seals them of the tribe. Their Hebrew is not an artifice. It is a living tongue, which they handle, or rather which handles them, as a mother tongue. Where we find a suggestion of lack of ease is in the poetic forms. We think it still to be established that the metre and the rhyme of Europe clothe with pure success the genius of Hebrew. In his illuminating study Mr. Wassilevsky says very little on this topic. We should like to see him deal with it at length in some future essay. What he gives us is an analysis of the temper and the thought of four selected poets: Bialik, the master of all modern Hebrew singers; Jacob Cohen, a man of many experiments in music; Tchernechowsky, an epic soul and mind; and Schnaier, to whose youth the cult of beauty and the charms of despair make their accustomed appeal. Mr. Wassilevsky is at pains to analyse the minds and the emotions of his poets, and the minds perhaps even more than the emotions. This is a Jewish characteristic. Even in poetry it cannot get away from ideas and the enormous importance of what men think. Mr. Wassilevsky is a very good guide, penetrating, discriminating, suggestive, and none the worse for the pioneer's enthusiasm. His writing has a precision, a grace, and a glow remarkable in one for whom English is an adopted tongue.

We have left ourselves little space for comment upon Mr. Wassilevsky's study of Ezekiel. He is not concerned with the niceties of higher criticism, nor does he exactly offer us that Ezekiel who, whether archaeological or unarchaeological, is the prophet of Hebrew tradition, and exercised a peculiar influence on the life of the Jewish people. Rather does he try to extract from the prophet's own writings the kind of man he appeared to his own contemporaries—the mingling of prophet, priest, and aristocrat. It is a very suggestive essay in interpretation. The little volume includes a preface by Professor C. H. Herford, which is a characteristic product of one of the most learned and sympathetic of contemporary critics.

WHAT IS THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND: ITS NATURE AND FUTURE. Edited by W. R. Matthews. (University of London Press. 5s. net.)

OUR Church is not the only one of our institutions that we cannot explain to other nations. Read the amazing accounts which even acute French observers give of the working of our political and social systems. Nevertheless our civil and military institutions (as our enemies usually find out when it is too late) have a habit, for all their incoherence, of attaining their ends with deadly effectiveness. Can the same be said of the Church of England?

The objection here is that its very purpose seems undefined. Despite their speeches, we know exactly what it is our politicians are aiming at; the ambitions of our Churchmen remain obscure. Paper inconsistencies would not trouble us if we could but discover what practical idea has controlled the English Church since the Reformation. This is evidently what perplexes Dr. Henson, the Bishop of Hereford, the only one of the five contributors to the present volume who has anything challenging to say. He wants to ascertain what "the Anglican version of Christianity" really is.

We suspect that the platform of Anglicanism is hard to find because it is a humble one. The Reformation epoch was an age when the claims of Church and State were tangled together past the wit of man to unloose, when venerable doctrines were so encrusted with hoary abuses as to seem indistinguishable from them, when sacred facts were resolving themselves into fables, while novel fables recommended themselves as facts. In the turmoil of religious and political disruption the English Reformation aimed only at gaining a breathing-space. It strove to secure a field on which the old learning and the new might, if they chose, come to terms without destroying each other. For a positive solution of the problems convulsing Europe it looked to time and the increase of knowledge. A humble ideal, indeed, yet, if attainable, cheaply bought by the plunder of the Church at the hands of the Tudor courtiers. So at least thought Isaac Casaubon, who, after fencing with Roman cardinals and wrangling with Geneva sectaries, made his home at last with Anglicanism, surmising that in its half-defaced cathedrals the sacred flame that he sought for would yet be found flickering.

But the time for experiment and study has been given. Is the synthesis on its way to achievement? Dr. Henson is doubtful. This latest essay, which differs from his earlier writings only by a new note of generosity towards the beliefs he combats, still builds on the notion of an irreconcilable conflict in the heart of Anglicanism. On the one side he sees the clergy, spellbound by the relics of mediævalism left in the Prayer Book, and dreaming of a purified Catholicism which never has existed and never will exist outside a pious imagination; on the other, the English people, sturdily, resentfully Protestant, and clamouring for a truly "national" Church.

There could not be a more dangerous delusion. Evangelical Protestantism exists (and in a singularly winning form) in the Church of England. But its convinced adherents bear even less proportion to the population of the country than the High Church clergy and laity. The average Englishman (let us face the truth) is not Protestant, but post-Christian. He may despise what he calls the "antics" of the High Church, but he has not the smallest wish to set off with Mr. Mott for the "evangelization of the world in this generation." He has never even asked himself whether he believes the cardinal doctrines of Christianity; they are not a "live option" for him. Even his veneer of Christian sentiment has worn through

during the war, and he is not likely to call for a fresh coat of it. A nation with a definite religion can embody it in a national Church; a nation that has lost interest in religion can make no Church. And if the attempt is persisted in to break down the Reformation compromise in favour of what certain theorists think the English people would like to-day, practising Anglicans will answer as the American did to his mule when it contrived to kick its hind foot into his stirrup: "Say, if you're going to get on, I'm going to get off." A non-Christian nation dictating a creed to the Christian Church is too grotesque an inversion of rôles.

But if the Protestant element in the Reformation settlement has worked out on the whole into the religious indifferentism that so shocked the "C. of E." army chaplains (though Dr. Henson says it only shows that "the English laity have understood the genius of the English Church better than the chaplains think"), what of the Catholic element, at which Dr. Henson shrugs his shoulders? It has not won over the English nation; but, then, neither have the Roman Catholics, the Baptists, the Congregationalists or the Theosophists. It has certainly preserved the existence of the Church of England, which would have gone down in the Reform era of the thirties but for the Tractarians. It has built churches, created dioceses, flung itself into those black and cholera-ridden London slums of the fifties and sixties, into which no ray of light had ever pierced before, faced ridicule, withstood mobs, suffered imprisonment, crossed seas, and the end is not yet. Dr. Henson says it dare not face Disestablishment. Well, the blessings of Disestablishment are scantily showered on Cape Town and Zanzibar; for Scotland and America they are non-existent. Yet in America the scattered Anglican congregations, who could not even get a bishop from the Establishment, and had to beg one from Scotland in 1784, count 102 sees to-day. It looks like life. The Nonjurors failed to stand alone, Dr. Henson says. The Nonjurors, however, stood not for Anglo-Catholicism, but for a political allegiance, and they had little desire to perpetuate their schism. But Anglo-Catholicism, in the Bishop of Hereford's eyes, would, if freed from the strong hand of the State, gravitate to Rome. As a matter of fact, the only part of the Anglican Communion where unconditional submission to Rome has any popularity as an ecclesiastical remedy is England, which has, in the Bishop's words, "all the prestige and material advantage involved in Establishment." It is perhaps cause and effect.

The prospects of Anglicanism, then, are solid, if not brilliant. The business of the English Church is not to become the spiritual lackey of the English people, but to develop that synthesis of tradition and liberty which appealed in its crude beginnings to Casaubon. His foresight has been justified past his imagining. We shall bring our stone to the Catholic Church of the future.

THE following paintings have been purchased by the President and Council of the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest during the first part of the present year:

"Claudio and Isabella," by William Holman Hunt.

"The Temple of Love," "The Passing of Venus," "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" (early version), "The Magic Circle" (water-colour), and "The Story of Perseus" (10 designs in water-colour), by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bt.

"The Line of the Plough," by Arnesby Brown, R.A.

"The Beverley Arms Kitchen," by Frederick W. Elwell.

Two pieces of sculpture were also bought: "Psyche" (bronze statue), by F. Derwent Wood, A.R.A., and "Androdus" (bronze mask), by W. Reid Dick.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has accepted, as Duke of Cornwall the dedication of a forthcoming illustrated work on "Wessex Worthies," by J. J. Foster, F.S.A. The work will contain a short introduction by Thomas Hardy, O.M.

AN EXOTICIST

BLIND ALLEY. By W. L. George. (Fisher Unwin. 9s. net.)

THERE is a certain large shop in London where one may still enter in and worship at one's will. The aisles are lofty; the light dim; each little side chapel is a rich mysterious jewel. Here one may linger, stroking the languid velvet; staring at the embroideries that seem to come to ever richer, more intricate flowering the longer one looks; sighing over chiffons, soft as the shadows on sea water; gazing at the fruit-like cushions gathered from some giant's orchard, and fainting by the way at last upon couches made to pillow the golden heads of millionaires . . . The sound of the clocks is so sweet, one fancies from their chiming honey is distilled; walking among the huge solemn furniture one expects the air to be shaken by the roaring of a lion; the glass and the china still glitter as though fresh from a reluctant wave.

But it is very strange in the midst of all this to observe the character of one's fellow-worshippers. They are, without exception, solid upper-middle-class English people, well nourished, easy in their behaviour, and immensely cool and indifferent, seeming to ignore, indeed, their fabulous surroundings. They are used to this kind of thing, born and bred in it. Why exclaim? Why give it one's attention?

If we may judge from the latest novel of Mr. W. L. George the whole of England is glassed over, roofed over, subdivided, as he sees it, into just such another *magasin de luxe*, through which he tip-toes, touching, tasting, positively gloating over not only the merchandise, but, with his eyes still a little dazzled by the Eastern glare, the upper-middle-class English people wandering through. It is the ensemble which fascinates him; this coolness and heat which he mixes together into a brew which is, to say the least, most uncommonly exotic. For, if we are to believe "Blind Alley" the intactness of the upper-middle-class is all a superficial seeming; they are each and all of them capable of taking up a length of that filmy silk, binding it about their brows in turbans, or shrouding themselves in its veils and going out into the Tottenham Court Road to ride away upon camels. Picture a father, a retired banker, and now a country gentleman, an eminently practical man, hushing a quarrel with a rebellious daughter in this fashion:

Then Sylvia flung down the pen and stamped: "You're all against me. You all want to kick me when I'm down. I hate you—I hate you."

"So do I," shouted Sir Hugh, and slammed the door behind him.

A few minutes later . . . he felt remorseful. So he sent by a messenger boy an enormous bunch of Parma violets and a note: "Sylvia dear, your father has the pride of age and the temper of youth. He asks pardon of his beautiful daughter, and hopes that, when next she comes to cheer his waning years, she will bring forgiveness in her eyes of amber."

Does that touch and start quivering, in many an English daughter's bosom, a familiar chord?

And here is a young husband, the owner of an aircraft works, musing in the garden of his country home, with his wife and lovely screaming children near by:

"There is the truth of life," he thought. "To enjoy all that is easily graceful. The sight of lovely women, yet not the stress of loving them; pictures and books, yet not the agony of trying to achieve art; little children that come up as flowers, to get older, to get fat, to get bald, and still to know how to smile."

It is hard to see this gentleman without a fan and a sash and a little short dagger. And yet but a moment before, thinking over his loves, he had "sneered at himself" . . . "Frank, old fellow, you've pitched on a rotten hobby. Why don't you go in for gardening?" Which is as difficult to reconcile with his Oriental self as the political father's joke with his other daughter who

asked him why the spring, my dear, was no longer spring. Sir Hugh laughed. "Ah yes, those were the days of spring onions; these are the days of spring offensives."

Perhaps from these extracts the reader may gather that, whatever else Mr. George's long strong book may be, it is not dull. It opens on January 9, 1916, and it closes with the January of this year. It is, therefore, yet another revue of England in war-time, but produced by an expert and conscientious manager who is determined that no scene, situation, character, phrase, catchword or fashion shall be left without a rôle and a name in the packed souvenir programme. The chief parts are sustained by Sir Hugh Oakley, his wife and three grown-up children, each one, as it were, a specimen of his or her kind, and all of them, grouped together, forming what Mr. George doubtless considers "the representative English family." The dominating member is Sir Hugh, with his "high, boney, beak-like nose which had been set as a brand upon the face of nearly every male Oakley" [discriminating Providence!] "for the last two centuries." Next in importance comes Monica, a slim unawakened girl whose experiences in a T.N.T. factory are, we gravely hope, more explosive than was usual. She and the manager of the works are the lovers of the piece. "Most exquisite, most adorable, copper-crowned lily . . . this is the key of the place they call Bull's Field." When she let herself in she noticed "a small shanty on wheels, on the walls of which was painted: Foreman's Office . . . The window opened and Cottenham looked out at her. He did not smile nor sign to her to come, but so remained . . . Cottenham indeed? Does one not expect rather at such a time and place—Mr. Wilkie Bard?

Monica's sister, Sylvia, is the woman floating on the dark swollen flood from the embrace of one man into the arms of another and another. Then there is Stephen, the wounded son, whose nose repeats his father's, and whose arguments repeat his nose, being singularly high, boney and beak-like. And lastly the mother, a very handsome woman with thick dark-red hair and "sherry-bright" eyes who is impelled to decisive assertions . . .

They are to be found living through this tremendous interval in the Country House Department, which is incredibly complete, down to a butler carving the joint at the "tortured marble-topped Louis XV table" and the old, all-too-old collie dozing in front of the logs in the hall. The completeness, however, is but symptomatic of Mr. George's method. It persists in scenes from country life, scenes in a bar parlour, before a military tribunal, at a flag day in the Berkeley Hotel. These are all "models" of their kind, with not a detail missing and only unfamiliar because of that curious strong scent from the Oriental Department, permeating everything.

The prologue and the epilogue are sung by an orange-coloured Persian cat with eyes of watered agate—Kallikrates his name. He enters, on the alert, suspicious, but finding himself alone in the hall with the human beings safely away, behind closed doors, he subsides, folds the "velvet gauntlets of his paws," composes his squat head into the sumptuous silk of his ruff, and begins to purr . . . If we may say so without disrespect, we can almost hear the author joining in.

K. M.

THE first number of *The Owl*, a quarterly miscellany of literature and art, will be published immediately by Mr. Martin Secker at the price of half-a-guinea. It will contain poetry by Thomas Hardy, W. H. Davies, Robert Graves, John Masefield, Robert Nichols, Siegfried Sassoon, J. C. Squire, and W. J. Turner; a story by Max Beerbohm, a play by John Galsworthy, and essays by Logan Pearsall Smith. There will be ten illustrations (reproduced by lithography, and mostly in colour) by Belcher, Bianco, Crawhall, Kennington, N. Nicholson, William Nicholson, and Orpen.

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

THE ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1918. (Longmans. 28s. net.)—The 1918 volume of this valuable record is, generally speaking, on the same high level as its predecessors. The political summary is able. The German portion contains a few minor mistakes. In his speech of June 24, 1918, von Kühlmann said "an absolute end can hardly be expected from military decisions alone," and not "can hardly be expected to appear in . . ." It is scarcely fair to say that after the Revolution "there was a curious renaming of parties which carried with it no very great change of principles," when, as a matter of fact, all the parties of the Right had accepted the principle of representative Parliamentary government. We are not acquainted either with the "National Democrats" who are said to have joined the German Democratic Party. Further, the writer seems strangely to underestimate the importance of the Congress of Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils in December. Pending the election of the National Assembly it was the sovereign body in Germany.

The account of the year's literature, art and science, which more immediately concerns THE ATHENÆUM, seems curiously unequal. The record of literature is chiefly composed of about fifty reviews of books selected on an obscure principle. It contains, for instance, no mention of Mr. Lytton Strachey's remarkable book "Eminent Victorians," the success of which may fairly be said to have marked a minor epoch in the evolution of the national taste. That of the theatre is a bald list of productions. On the other hand, the historian of art displays idiosyncrasy, good sense, and a touch of humour. He notes, for instance, "how far the academical method of illustrating conventional heroics falls short of the insight and acute response to the opportunities offered by tremendous events by artists who really are artists," with the just caveat that "few of these works can in themselves be counted great pictures." Even if it is not stated in so many words, the ordinarily intelligent reader will have no difficulty in understanding that the war has had the result of finally discrediting the Royal Academy, even in the public mind. The historian of art further observes that the Church has not followed the lead of the State in employing modern artists, and adds the piquant comment: "So long as the tradesman goes to church and the artist doesn't, there is not likely to be much, if any improvement in our places of national worship." We are inclined to think, therefore, that the "Annual Register" would gain considerably if the chronicling of Art and Literature were entrusted to one person. At present the record in some of these important matters is well below the general standard of an otherwise excellent publication.

THE AMERICA OF TO-DAY, edited by Gaillard Lapsley (Cambridge, University Press, 12s. net), does not pretend to be a comprehensive study: it is a collection of essays by different hands dealing with certain aspects of contemporary life in the United States. A single author, writing with a systematic plan, would not have left the gaps that are only too manifest in the present work; in which, for example, bare allusion is made to American labour movements or to the negro problem. But it is ungrateful to speak of gaps where so much ground has been covered, and covered, on the whole, so well. The first half of the volume is devoted to political and industrial conditions. The second half deals mainly with the intellectual life of America. Professor Cunliffe describes American education; Professor Canby and Dr. Santayana contribute lectures on contemporary literature and philosophy, while Mrs. Bowlker writes on the position of women.

The conclusions to be drawn from this book are plain. In politics and industry America's achievement has been enormous. Intellectually she has as yet done little. She pours forth an inexhaustible flood of what Professor Canby calls "bourgeois literature," clever and competent, without being in the least great; she does an immense amount of tentative thinking without any very great results. In his admirable lecture on "Two American Philosophers," Dr. Santayana says of William James: "He approached philosophy as mankind first approached it, without having a philosophy." The same is true of America as a whole; she is approaching the problems of the universe with a mind unbiassed by authority or traditional prejudices. The time is not far off, perhaps, when her experiments will bear fruit in a new and distinctly American civilisation.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE HOLY SEE, 1792-1806: A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND ROME. By Cardinal Gasquet. (Rome, Desclée & Co.)—In 1780 London was devastated by the Gordon Riots against Popery; in 1850 the establishment of a territorial hierarchy of Roman bishops in England threw the country into convulsions of rage; the piecemeal abolition of the Temporal Power between 1859 and 1870 was greeted with jubilation by Englishmen; the popular view here of the Vatican and its policy during the late war needs no recapitulation. As an illustration of the resistance of this country to the spiritual and temporal claims of the Papacy the record is impressive; yet there is a break in the chain.

Between 1792 and 1806, the period of the great war with the French Revolution and Napoleon, a Papal envoy resided at the Court of St. James. He came heralded by obsequious British postilions as "the Ambassador of the Pope"; Pitt promised him to "safeguard the temporal interests of the Holy See as far as Great Britain was able to do so"; he was touched "to see the admiration, respect and even reverence with which everyone [in London] speaks of Our Sovereign Lord the Pope"; King George III joked with him over his reluctance to appear at Court in full cardinalial scarlet. What was the reason of this amazing change of atmosphere?

Cardinal Gasquet's entertaining pamphlet on the correspondence of this favoured Mgr. Erskine explains how it happened. When in 1793 the English were driven from Toulon, where they had been safeguarding the self-determination of the French, it became "imperative for the Government to cultivate the friendship of the Pope, so as to find in the ports of the Papal States places where the English ships might refit and obtain supplies." The Pope had even been urged "to send Pontifical troops to assist the English in the defence of Toulon," and generally "to contribute in every possible manner to the success of the common cause of England and Rome." Later on, when Bonaparte invaded the Papal States, Pius VII almost acquired the halo of an 'oppressed nationality.' It shows the adaptability of religious sentiment when not perverted by fanaticism. Cardinal Gasquet must have enjoyed composing this brochure.

THE BURNING SPEAR: BEING THE ADVENTURES OF MR. JOHN LAVENDER IN TIME OF WAR. By A. R. P.—m. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)—One of the worst results of the war is that it has made us lose the power of laughing at ourselves. The faculty for doing so was never strongly developed; such satire as existed was generally considered to be in "bad taste," and since 1914 it has been almost impossible to say anything, either on the stage or anywhere else, which has the remotest claim to be called satire. Brains have become so dulled that episodes like that of the skull of McWawa solemnly included in the terms of Peace, have been allowed to pass with hardly a twinkle. One of the reasons for this was that many people who had never done anything of the kind before, became Government officials and lunched regularly in Pall Mall, and Government officials who lunch in Pall Mall do not like being laughed at.

Reading "The Burning Spear," one wonders whether any of these important personages intervened to postpone the date of publication; for surely the book was meant to appear a year ago, or even before that. Internal evidence seems to point to its being written about 1917. As long as the war lasted "The Burning Spear" would have had some point; but now the book loses much of its brilliance.

Yet the idea of the book is amusing. Mr. Lavender, a thin, small gentleman of fifty-eight, treated his papers as though they had been Holy Writ and "had his wits somewhat addled from reading the speeches of public men." The files of the five daily newspapers and the books and pamphlets on the war, with which his study was lined, had at length the same effect upon him as the books of chivalry upon Don Quixote. After an interview with the Minister of Propagation he set out on a tour of patriotic speech-making, which led him into a number of queer adventures, an amusing example of which is the encounter with a Major whom his disordered brain conceived to be a Prussian. The identity of the writer is veiled by the mysterious initials A. R. P.—m. He seems somehow to have been influenced by the "E. D. Ward" who in the dim and happy ages before the war wrote a little book called "Sir Pulteney."

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY ON MÈTRE

FOR reasons which it is difficult to understand, the subject of prosody never fails to provoke the bitterest and most passionate controversy. It needs a discussion on spelling or the etymology of French slang to call forth feelings of anything like equal intensity. Professor Saintsbury was sowing dragon's teeth when he wrote his *History of English Prosody*; there sprang up immediately, all about him, savage warriors, armed, some with scientific apparatus, some with classical prejudices, some with phonetics, some with music, but all with those inhumanly complicated theories which Professor Saintsbury, fighting in the older, chivalrous, scholar-and-gentlemanly fashion, has always despised and disliked. The great merit of his "*History of Prosody*" is the fact that it contains the least possible quantity of theory to the greatest possible quantity of literary appreciation. His metrical system, with its feet and its longs and shorts, was pleasingly familiar and simple. It was just this preoccupation with literature, with taste as opposed to exact science, that enraged the believers in subtler prosodic creeds. They have called his work "mish-mash" and "drivel," and many other things. Professor Saintsbury's paper on "*Some Recent Studies in English Metre*," which was read at the last meeting of the British Academy, on May 28 (by deputy, as he was unfortunately prevented from being present in person), was a counter-attack.

Three prosodical heresies were disposed of in as many sentences. And, indeed, the theories of the quantitvists, the syllabists, and the anarchists, who say that there is no such thing as metre, hardly deserve a more elaborate refutation. Professor Saintsbury dealt at greater length with the scientific heresiarchs, and it was with characteristic relish that he described the padded rooms, the phonographs, the chronometers and all the other instruments of torture which America has devised to rack the limbs of Poetry, in the hope of making her confess her secret. Poetry, however, remains obstinately dumb, and Professor Saintsbury is probably right in his instinctive contempt for methods which he has not the patience or the mathematics to understand. He is, for instance, under the impression that a man who pronounces a syllable in .64 seconds speaks eight times as slowly as one who utters the same sound in .8 seconds. But this splendid disregard for the "damned dot," and all that the damned dot stands for, in no way vitiates his conclusion, that scientific experiment, though it may be illuminating in other directions, throws very little light on the general principles of prosody.

Professor Saintsbury was, perhaps, less successful in dealing with the theorists who interpret metre in terms of music. He based his chief counter-argument on the fact that the music to which a poem is set rarely, if ever, corresponds exactly to the rhythm of the words. It is hard to see how this disposes of the contention that musical and metrical rhythm are fundamentally the same. Nobody denies that musical rhythm is a great deal more complicated than metrical rhythm can ever be; music would be painfully fettered if it had to adapt itself exactly to the movement of words. But both musical and metrical rhythm are founded on, and, as it were, imbedded in time. Metrical rhythm, as Mr. Omond has pointed out in his study of metre, must be measured in units of time, just as musical rhythm is measured. The lines,

Hark, hark,
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,

contain seven equal periods or bars, some of which contain one, some two and some three syllables. The periods containing fewer syllables are made equal in time to the fuller periods by pauses or rests, exactly equivalent to musical rests. It must be admitted that Mr. Omond's time-periods are a great deal more satisfactory as metrical units than the so-called feet of Professor Saintsbury's system. Feet, in a language where quantity counts for very little, can hardly be said to exist; and in any case, it is often very hard to give a name to the feet contained in any given English line.

But it is foolish to differ from Professor Saintsbury over a point of theory, when one so profoundly sympathizes with his attitude towards all literary theories. Appreciation and taste are, after all, the important things in the study of literature; everything else is very insignificant.

WOTTON AND POETIC STYLE

MR. ASQUITH'S PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS TO THE
ENGLISH ASSOCIATION.

SIR HENRY WOTTON is one of those charming and unimportant figures whose existence enriches the pages of literary history. He is remembered by two poems, "*The Queen of Bohemia*" and "*The Character of a Happy Life*," which in their turn survive, as Mr. Asquith pointed out in his address to the English Association on May 29, by their style, and nothing else.

There are some poets whose work is more or less styleless. Their poetry is beautiful as natural objects are beautiful, indefinitely, and, as it were, without intention. Much of what Shelley wrote is still the raw material of poetry, scarcely worked up into a definitely stylized art. But a great poet's raw material is infinitely superior to a bad poet's most finished productions. Style without imagination is mere formality. There are, however, a number of poets, great, though not among the greatest, whose appeal depends almost entirely upon their style. There is Wotton himself; there is Landor, whom Mr. Asquith cited as an example; there is Gautier, who produced poetical effects of dazzling beauty by sheer technical accomplishment.

Wotton wrote his poems a few years after the great period of English poetic style had closed. His verses do not possess the easy sonorous splendour of Elizabethan poetry; the Horatian felicity which distinguishes them belongs to a later age. There are moments when his elegance trembles on the verge of mere epigram.

Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all,

is only just not a common antithetical conceit. Wotton's is a fine and delicate art, but how different from the grand style of the Elizabethans! Gone is that splendid oratory that bodied forth, darkly and strangely enough, Fulke Greville's cloudy genius.

O wearisome condition of humanity,
Born under one law, to another bound;
Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity;
Created sick, commanded to be sound;

or, again,

The mind of man is this world's true dimension,
And knowledge is the measure of the mind.

The devices of the style are obvious and mechanical enough, but the result is superb. Even in the ranting absurdity of Kyd's "*O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears*," there is a certain magnificence. Subtler stylists, like Shakespeare, made astonishing use of their art. "*Take, O take those lips away*," is a drawing-room song, magically turned to poetry at the touch of style. The Elizabethans transfigured even their comic verses. Take the anonymous poem that begins,

Tee-hee, tee-hee, O sweet delight!
He tickles this age who can
Call Tullia's ape a marmosite
And Leda's goose a swan.

It is an astonishing piece of work, essentially poetical and in the grand manner. The Elizabethans took comedy seriously enough to make literature of it.

Wotton's verse looks a little thin beside his predecessors' work. His neatness seems almost precious and affected when it is compared with their sounding utterance. Except by individual poets, the grand English style has never been recaptured since the Elizabethan age came to an end. The poetical manner of the seventeenth century was curious and fantastic rather than grand. The eighteenth exhausted itself in the pursuit of an impossible refinement. The grand style of the nineteenth century was too consciously archaic ever to be quite spontaneous. One wonders whether this age of crumbling traditions and minor poetry will produce a grand style of its own. There is little sign as yet.

THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY have offered the College Board of the London Hospital £15,000 for the endowment of a Chair of Bacteriology, to be known as the Goldsmiths' Company's Chair. It is believed that this is the first instance of the endowment of a medical Chair at any of the London Medical Schools.

Science

THE EQUIVALENCE PRINCIPLE

IN the four-dimensional continuum of Minkowski, a moving particle traces out a four-dimensional curve which is called the world-line of the particle. There is one such line for every particle, and we may generalize the notion of a particle to include light-waves and other entities. If we knew the world-lines of all particles we should have a complete history of the configurations of the universe for all time. But if we consider any of the observations we actually make, we see that they are records of the coincidences of two entities in space and time. Thus, many of our observations depend on coincidences of light-waves with elements of the retina. Many of our measurements depend on the coincidence of an indicator with a division on a scale. Our knowledge is limited, as a matter of fact, to the records of intersections of world-lines.

Let us now imagine that these world-lines are embedded in a jelly. The events, we know, are represented by the intersections of these world-lines, and if the jelly be distorted in any way, so that no intersection is created or destroyed, then obviously the course of events is not disturbed. The distortion of the jelly really corresponds to the adoption of a new space and time, and the fact that the jelly may be distorted without altering the course of events means that we may make any mathematical transformation we please of our space and time co-ordinates. Now when natural phenomena are referred to a different set of co-ordinates it is sometimes found convenient to suppose that a field of force has come into existence. If, for instance, instead of referring phenomena to the usual set of fixed rectangular space axes, we use axes which are rotating, we may take account of the rotation by adding a fictitious centrifugal force to the equations. By choosing suitable co-ordinates natural objects may be made to appear to behave very strangely. We may say that the field of force created by the co-ordinates is responsible for this behaviour, or we may say that this behaviour is a consequence of the metrical properties of the new space. The point of view of relativity is to regard the co-ordinates as specifying the metrical properties of the space. The metrical properties of the space, or the field of force created by the co-ordinates, whichever standpoint we choose, have the property that they influence all bodies alike. In the new space, not only moving material particles, but rays of light will be deflected. This is, indeed, obvious when we consider that the deflection is merely a consequence of the system of co-ordinates that is used. It is more natural, therefore, to adopt the relativity standpoint and to view the changed behaviour in the new space as due to its metrical properties.

Now the one force in nature which acts with the sublime indifference of the fictitious forces introduced by a transformation of co-ordinates is gravitation. Careful experiments have been carried out to determine whether gravitation is affected by chemical constitution, mass, temperature, and what not, but in every case gravitation has shown itself indifferent to all such properties. It behaves, in fact, as if it were a purely geometrical force introduced by a transformation of co-ordinates. This fact led Einstein to put forward his principle of equivalence, which asserts that there is no difference between a gravitational field of force and a field of force introduced by a change of co-ordinates; that by no possible experiment can we distinguish between them. We have seen that the restricted principle of relativity effected a sort of blend between space and time; the general principle of relativity effects a sort of blend between space, time and gravitation.

We are aware of gravitation by the acceleration it produces. A man enclosed in a body which was falling freely, as in Jules Verne's story of the journey to the moon, would not be aware of a gravitational field. He would use axes of reference which were stationary with respect to his constant surroundings, and therefore, with reference to the earth, he would be using accelerated axes. The geometrical field of force introduced by using accelerated axes would just neutralize the gravitational field at that place. Einstein's principle of equivalence asserts that this neutralization would be complete, and that by no tests, optical, electrical or other, could the man detect a gravitational field. Einstein's method of obtaining his law of gravitation is highly technical and it is not possible to make it intelligible without the use of symbols. Sufficient has been said, however, to show how original and profound was the conception with which he approached the problem. The law deduced by Einstein is very complicated and its application leads to much laborious calculation. The new law is immensely comprehensive; the fundamental principles of dynamics can be derived from it, for instance. The acceptance of this law and of all that it implies leads, however, to very grave difficulties, and it is not yet possible to say whether it will, in future, lead to a revolution in our way of regarding natural phenomena or whether it will be considered simply as a very beautiful and ingenious mathematical speculation.

SOCIETIES

GEOLOGICAL.—May 21.—Mr. G. W. Lamplugh, President, in the chair.

Margaret Chorley Crosfield, Frank Debenham, Gertrude Lilian Elles, D.Sc., Percy Evans, Maria Matilda Ogilvie Gordon, D.Sc., Mary Sophia Johnston, Cyril Ewart Leese, M. Jane Longstaff (née Donald), Alexander Halley Low, Alexander Miers Macgregor, W. Angus McIntyre, Lady McRobert, Mildred Blanche Robinson, and Ethel Gertrude Woods (née Skeat), D.Sc., were elected Fellows.

The following communications were read: "The Silurian Rocks of May Hill," by Mr. C. Irving Gardiner, with an appendix by Dr. F. R. Cowper Reed; and "The Petrography of the Millstone Grit Series of Yorkshire," by Dr. Albert Gilligan. Both papers were followed by discussions. Rock-specimens and fossils from May Hill were exhibited by Mr. Gardiner in illustration of his paper; pebbles from various rock-formations with microscope-sections were exhibited by Dr. A. Gilligan in illustration of his paper; and specimens of labradorite from Labrador were exhibited by Mr. James Francis.

ZOOLOGICAL.—May 27.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, Vice-President in the chair.

The Secretary read a report on the additions to the Society's menagerie in April.—Mr. J. T. Cunningham communicated his paper on the "Result of a Mendelian Experiment on Fowls, including the Production of a Pile Breed."—Miss Kathleen F. Lander described some points in the anatomy of the takin (*Budorcas taxicolor whitei*), and illustrated her remarks by a series of lantern slides.—In the absence of Mr. E. Phelps Allis, his communication "On Certain Features of the Otic Region of the Chondrocranium of *Lepidosteus*, and Comparison with other Fishes and Higher Vertebrata" was taken as read.—The Secretary exhibited, and made some additional remarks upon the photographs of a young living okapi that were shown at the previous meeting.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- FRI., 6. Philological, 5.30.—Dr. Henry Bradley on the Year's Work on the "New English Dictionary."
Royal Institution, 5.30.—"Atomic Projectiles and their Collisions with Light Atoms," Professor Sir Ernest Rutherford.
- TUES., 10. Dr. Williams's Library, 5.30.—"The Analysis of Mind: VI. Truth and Falsehood," Mr. Bertrand Russell.
Guild of Education, 11, Tavistock Square, W.C., 6.30.—"The 'Censor' and Unconscious Symbolism in Psycho-analysis," Lecture II., Dr. Constance E. Long.
- THURS., 12. Mathematical, 5.
- FRI., 13. Astronomical, 5.

Fine Arts

ART AND SCIENCE

AT the Burlington Fine Arts Club there is now on view a most remarkable collection of Florentine Primitives. I do not propose in this article to criticize these pictures, about many of which I have written at one time or another, but rather to take up a question of æsthetics which is suggested by the peculiar significance of Florentine art. In the preface to the Catalogue I have endeavoured to discuss this, and where it is convenient for the purposes of this article I shall quote what I have there written:

We can get an idea of what Florence of the fifteenth century meant for the subsequent tradition of European art if we consider that had it not been for Florence the art of Italy might have been not altogether unlike the art of Flanders and the Rhine—a little more rhythmical, a little more gracious, perhaps, but hardly more significant. To Florence of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, then, and to France of the seventeenth and succeeding centuries, we owe the existence in Europe of *generalized* or what, for want of a better word, we may call *intellectual* art.

It is, of course, doubtful whether the word "intellectual" is really justified in this context; but I use it in order to call attention to the close analogy that exists between certain processes of art and science, and my speculations naturally find a place in THE ATHENÆUM as referring to my colleague S.'s approach to the subject from the scientific side. In his article "The Place of Science" (ATHENÆUM, April 11) S. distinguishes between two aspects of intellectual activity in science: one motivated by curiosity, which analyses and particularizes; the other aiming at the widest possible generalization, the motive force being the satisfaction which the mind gets from the contemplation of inevitable relations.

In a later article (May 2) S. says boldly that this satisfaction is an æsthetic satisfaction: "It is in its æsthetic value that the justification of the scientific theory is to be found, and with it the justification of the scientific method." I should like to pose to S. at this point the question of whether a theory that disregarded facts would have equal value for science with one which agreed with facts. I suppose he would say No; and yet, so far as I can see, there would be no purely æsthetic reason why it should not. The æsthetic value of a theory would surely depend solely on the perfection and complexity of the unity attained, and I imagine that many systems of scholastic theology, and even some more recent systems of metaphysics, have only this æsthetic value. I suspect that the æsthetic value of a theory is not really adequate to the intellectual effort entailed unless, as in a true scientific theory (by which I mean a theory which embraces all the known relevant facts), the æsthetic value is reinforced by the curiosity value which comes in when we believe it to be true. But now, returning to art, let me try to describe rather more clearly its analogies with science:

Both of these aspects [the particularizing and the generalizing] have their counterparts in art. Curiosity impels the artist to the consideration of every possible form in nature: under its stimulus he tends to accept each form in all its particularity as a given, unalterable fact. The other kind of intellectual activity impels the artist to attempt the reduction of all forms, as it were, to some common denominator which will make them comparable with one another. It impels him to discover some æsthetically intelligible principle in various forms, and even to envisage the possibility of some kind of abstract form in the æsthetic contemplation of which the mind would attain satisfaction—a satisfaction curiously parallel to that which the mind gets from the intellectual recognition of abstract truth.

If we consider the effects of these two kinds of intellectual activity, or rather their exact analogues, in art, we have to note that in so far as the artist's curiosity remains a purely intellectual curiosity it interferes with the perfection and purity of the work of art by introducing an alien and non-æsthetic element and appealing to

non-æsthetic desires; in so far as it merely supplies the artist with new motives and a richer material out of which to build his designs, it is useful but subsidiary. Thus the objection to a "subject picture," in so far as one remains conscious of the subject as something outside of, and apart from, the form, is a valid objection to the intrusion of intellect, of however rudimentary a kind, into an æsthetic whole. The ordinary historical pictures of our annual shows will furnish perfect examples of such an intrusion, since they exhibit innumerable appeals to intellectual recognitions without which the pictures would be meaningless. Without some previous knowledge of Caligula or Mary Queen of Scots we are likely to miss our way in a great deal of what passes for art to-day.

The case of the generalizing intellect, or rather its analogue, in art is more difficult. Here the recognition of relations is immediate and sensational—perhaps we ought to consider it as curiously akin to those cases of mathematical geniuses who have immediate intuition of mathematical relations which it is beyond their powers to prove—so that it is by analogy that we may talk of it at all as intellectual. But the analogy is so close that I hope it may justify the use I here suggest. For in both cases the utmost possible generalization is aimed at, and in both the mind is held in delighted equilibrium by the contemplation of the inevitable relations of all the parts in the whole, so that no need exists to make reference to what is outside the unity, and this becomes for the time being a universe.

It will be seen how close the analogies are between the methods and aims of art and science, and yet there remains an obstinate doubt in the mind whether at any point they are identical. Probably in order to get much further we must wait for the psychologists to solve a number of problems; meanwhile this at least must be pointed out—that, allowing that the motives of science are emotional, many of its processes are purely intellectual, that is to say, mechanical. They could be performed by a perfectly non-sentient, emotionless brain, whereas at no point in the process of art can we drop feeling. There is something in the common phraseology by which we talk of *seeing* a point or an argument, whereas we *feel* the harmony of a work of art; and for some reason we attach a more constant emotional quality to feeling than to seeing, which is so constantly used for coldly practical ends.

From the merest rudiments of pure sensation up to the highest efforts of design each point in the process of art is inevitably accompanied by pleasure; it cannot proceed without it. If we describe the process of art as a logic of sensation, we must remember that the premises are sensations, and that the conclusion can only be drawn from them by one who is in an emotional state with regard to them. Thus a harmony in music cannot be perceived by a person who merely hears accurately the notes which compose it—it can only be recognized when the relations of those notes to one another are accompanied by emotion. It is quite true that the recognition of inevitability in thought is normally accompanied by a pleasurable emotion, and that the desire for this mental pleasure is the motive force which impels to the making of scientific theory. But the inevitability of the relations remains equally definite and demonstrable whether the emotion accompanies it or not, whereas an æsthetic harmony simply does not exist without the emotional state. The harmony is not *true* (to use our analogy) unless it is felt with emotion.

None the less, perhaps, the highest pleasure in art is identical with the highest pleasure in scientific theory. The emotion which accompanies the clear recognition of unity in a complex seems to be so similar in art and in science that it is difficult not to suppose that they are psychologically the same. It is, as it were, the final stage of both processes. This unity-emotion in science supervenes upon a process of pure mechanical reasoning; in art it supervenes upon a process of which emotion has all along been an essential concomitant.

It may be that in the complete apprehension of a work of art there occurs more than one kind of feeling. There is generally a basis of purely physiological pleasure, as in seeing pure colours or hearing pure sounds; then there is the specifically æsthetic emotion by means of which

the necessity of relations is apprehended, and which corresponds in science to the purely logical process; and finally there is the unity-emotion, which may not improbably be of an identical kind in both art and science.

In the art of painting we may distinguish between the unity of texture and the unity of design. I know quite well that these are not really completely separable, and that they are to some extent mutually dependent; but they may be regarded as separate for the purpose of focusing our attention. Certainly we can think of pictures in which the general architecture of the design is in no way striking or remarkable which yet please us by the perfection of the texture, that is to say, the ease with which we apprehend the necessary relationship of one shape, tone or colour with its immediately surrounding shapes, tones or colours; our æsthetic sense is continually aroused and satisfied by the succession of inevitable relationships. On the other hand, we know of works of art in which the unity and complexity of the texture strike us far less than the inevitable and significant relationship of the main divisions of the design—pictures in which we should say that the composition was the most striking beauty. It is when the composition of a picture, adequately supported as it must be by significance of texture, reveals to us the most surprising and yet inevitable relationships that we get most strongly the final unity-emotion of a work of art. It is these pictures that are, as S. would say of certain theories, the most significant for contemplation. Nor before such works can we help implicitly attributing to their authors the same kind of power which in science we should call "great intellect," though perhaps in both the term "great imaginative organization" would be better. It is because the Florentine school exemplifies so strikingly these qualities in art, that it appears so much more worthy of study than any other contemporary school of European painting.

ROGER FRY.

NOTES ON ART SALES

A REMARKABLE price was paid at Messrs. Christie's on May 29 for a pair of Persian silk rugs, woven with arabesque designs, foliage, and rosette ornaments, introducing pink and blue panels on a ground of gold and silver thread, 13ft. by 5ft. 9in., the property of Lady Graham. They were purchased by Messrs. Duveen at 13,000 guineas. A Savonnerie carpet, also belonging to Lady Graham, woven with crowned initial L and fleur-de-lis on a blue ground, was bought by Mr. M. Harris at 1,400 guineas.

Important furniture sold on the same occasion included a suite of Empire furniture belonging to the late Lord Camperdown, consisting of a pair of settees, a pair of bergères, and 10 fauteuils, carved with rosettes and palm leaves, the seats and backs covered with Aubusson tapestry, 1,900 guineas (Lewis & Simmons); a Louis XV. library table, veneered with mahogany and with ormolu mounts, 700 guineas (Davis Brothers); a suite of Chippendale mahogany furniture (belonging to Lord Lovelace) boldly carved, consisting of a couch and seven armchairs, 4,000 guineas (M. Harris); a Chippendale mahogany winged armchair, with contemporary *petit-point* needlework of Susannah and the Elders, 400 guineas (Lenygon); and two oblong panels of Gobelins tapestry with the story of Antony and Cleopatra in brilliant colours, signed Le Febvre, 2,800 guineas (H. & J. Simmons).

Furniture belonging to the late Hon. Mrs. Frederick Baring included a pair of Sheraton satinwood side tables, 1,400 guineas (M. Harris); a Louis XVI. commode, stamped J. H. Riesener, 1,700 guineas; a Louis XV. marqueterie secrétaire, 680 guineas; and a Louis XV. marqueterie table, 950 guineas (all to Messrs. Simmons). Other properties included a panel of Beauvais tapestry, early 18th century, 1,100 guineas (Davis Brothers); a suite of Queen Anne walnut-wood furniture from a Master's Lodge of a Cambridge college, 1,000 guineas (Cescinsky); and a Louis XVI. marqueterie secrétaire, 980 guineas (Smith).

On May 26, at Christie's, thirteen red chalk drawings of small size, by Alfred Stevens, were sold for 416 guineas; and twenty-one drawings by Turner, of very mixed quality, for £2,628, the highest single price being £609, for the "Valley of St. Gothard," 9in. by 11½in. (Agnew). Two Madonnas by Memmi—one on a panel 22½in. by 15½in., £892 (Stoner & Evans); the other with St. John the Baptist and St. Francis, 23in. by 10in., £840 (Pawsey & Payne)—were also sold.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

COLNAGHI AND OBACH GALLERIES. Etchings and Drypoints by Rembrandt. Engravings by Dürer.

ELGAR GALLERY. Paintings and Drawings by Hugh Blaker.

FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES. Japanese Cut Velvet and Embroidered Panels.

MCLEAN'S GALLERY. English, French and Dutch Paintings.

WALKER GALLERIES. Early English Water-colours.

It is the fashion amongst the more advanced moderns to tilt the nose at Rembrandt, as some young musicians are bored with Beethoven; but the fact is often overlooked that just as Beethoven indicates, and sometimes exhausts, a method of expression for which some later "modern" has founded an "école," so Rembrandt in his etchings suggests most of the plastic developments over which art has quarrelled for the last forty years. There are at Messrs. Colnaghi's some splendid and various illustrations of Rembrandt's breadth of vision: "The Landscape with Camel and Large Boat and a Bridge" (second state), "The Death of the Virgin" (second state), "Landscape with an Obelisk" (second state), "Medea at the Marriage of Jason and Creusa," with its complex and extraordinary subtle design, and two of the large oblong plates in the first state—"Christ presented to the People" and "Christ crucified between Two Thieves."

The Dürers include "St. Hubert," "The Virgin and Child with a Monkey," "The Dream," "The Prodigal Son," "The Turkish Family," "Philip Melanchthon," "St. George on Horseback," "Adam and Eve," and many other well-known compositions.

Mr. Hugh Blaker seems to be one of those who are endeavouring to find a short cut to art. But the short cut does not lie in technique; no change of method nor any dodge will show the road if there is not the initial power which breaks even through the most realistic attempt. Mr. Blaker's academic studies of the nude are moderately pleasant studies, but always academic; and when he bursts away from conventional academism, he but falls into another kind of academism, for there are quite as many academisms amongst the modernists as amongst the "passéists."

There is a pleasant sketch of "The Gad's Hill Oak," by Gainsborough, and a good Diaz, "The Bird's-nest," at the McLean Gallery, and amongst the water-colours a David Cox of "Windsor" which is well designed.

The minor early English water-colours at Messrs. Walker's are not quite matured; they are not yet quite old enough to have acquired the added pungency of an entirely lost generation; they require at least another hundred years in the dark, when they will begin to borrow a reflected vitality from their generation, and will become no longer individual, but representative. But no such process is needed with works of the first order; in these the vitality need not be borrowed. Rowlandson is of the number. His work is to-day as fresh as when it was done; his vivid and vivacious line carries the same inspiration as it has always; his vulgarity shows its robust value against the gentlemanlike water-colours of Roberts or Harding; and it is only when he is polite, as in "Fishing" (98), that he becomes rather dull. There is also in this exhibition a small *gouache* of the eighteenth century depicting a "Country House with Gardens and Water" (119), exquisitely arranged, and painted with great delicacy and decision. The artist is unknown, but his work deserves to be rescued from oblivion.

J. G.

ON July 4 Messrs. Christie will offer for sale the Duke of Westminster's portrait of Mrs. Siddons as "The Tragic Muse," by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The portrait has remained famous since it was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1784. Sir Joshua retained it for some years, when it was bought by M. de Colonne, the *émigré* French financier. In 1795 it was sold at auction for 320 guineas, to Mr. W. Smith, M.P., of Norwich, who sold it for £900 to Mr. Watson Taylor. At the sale of his pictures in 1823 at Messrs. Christie's it was bought by Lord Grosvenor for 1,750 guineas, since when it has remained in the family.

Music

THE HEART OF A FRENCHMAN

IT is difficult for an Englishman to understand why Massenet should be the main constituent of the average French operatic repertoire. Our musical sympathies have always inclined more towards Italy and Germany than towards France; and in any case Massenet is certainly not a composer to be put on a level with Verdi and Wagner. Yet Massenet, for all his weakness of invention, has certain qualities of style which are worth considering. He was no genius, but he expressed the average French outlook on opera in a very characteristic way, and that is why Romain Rolland, criticizing the early work of Debussy, parodies a well-known phrase and speaks of "ce petit Massenet qui sommeille au cœur de tout vrai français."

"Manon," which was first produced in 1884, represents a conventional type of French opera which now seems very remote, in spite of the composer's occasional reminiscences of Wagner. It is too much filled up with choruses, ensembles and ballets. This is, of course, what the public, especially in this country, expect from an opera. They like to see things happening on the stage, and provided that plenty of things happen which can be seen by every eye, they are indifferent to psychological development. But the really interesting feature of "Manon" is the composer's constant effort to present his characters as human beings with fluctuating emotions and with personalities that experience internal development. The opera fails to make its effect simply because Massenet had not the power to write music of real force and originality. The workmanship is admirable in its reticence and elegance. Massenet had, too, a very strong sense of musical form. He seems always to have regarded an opera as a complete musical whole. Without using "leading-motives" in the Wagnerian manner, he yet associates certain themes with certain ideas, and develops them symphonically. There are indeed many places where the music seems to develop on its own lines, so that a scene grows and expands out of a musical germ instead of the music merely following the lead of the librettist. Only the essential musical inspiration is wanting; it is all a skilful construction built up on dummy themes that have no intrinsic value.

"Thaïs" is a worse opera, because it is more pretentious. It sets out, one is tempted to think, to be a sort of "Second Part of Faust"—of Gounod's "Faust," that is to say. Massenet has been false to his own principles; he is perpetually aiming at violent emotions, and the result is merely dull. In a Verdi opera there are often a number of commonplace vulgar tunes, with what the purists call "a touch of cosmetic"—and a very generous touch, too—towards the end. It is the emotional outburst of the cadence which in older days created the *cadenza*. Massenet in "Thaïs" tries to write an opera consisting of nothing but these emotional outbursts. There is any amount of "cosmetic," but no face behind it. Massenet was always a good deal taken up with oratorio, and perhaps, like Fra Angelico, he was constitutionally unable to enter into the understanding of wickedness. From the moment of Thaïs's conversion the opera settles down into a purer atmosphere. The "méditation religieuse" is the turning-point of the opera, and at Covent Garden Sir Thomas Beecham conducted it with a devotional fervour that went far to explain why he so loves to play the slow movement of a *Divertimento* between the acts of Mozart's ribald comic operas.

The management of Covent Garden might well have revived for us "Werther," but perhaps its very German subject was considered inopportune. The original story is one of the most sentimental ever written. Imagine it

converted into a French opera book, and set to music by the most sentimental of French composers, with the added sentimentality of a Frenchman feeling sentimental, as others besides Massenet have done in their time, about Germany and German sentimentality. When I saw it many years ago, I had the advantage of getting yet another layer of sentimentality superposed on all the others, for it was performed by German singers. If one can once bring oneself to accept this general atmosphere, "Werther" is an opera of considerable charm, and in any case it is an opera of great technical interest. Externally, very little happens. The whole work turns on the conflicting emotions of the hero and heroine. Here, again, the composer's positive inspiration is negligible. In the moments of tense passion he becomes utterly commonplace and conventional, but when he deals with the half-lights of emotion, his delicate and elusive technique finds its true scope. An opera of this type demands a small theatre, and singers who are capable of the finer shades of expression in singing, in diction, and in acting.

For such qualities Covent Garden is not the place. This was very apparent in the recent performance of "Thérèse," a later opera of Massenet (1907), which carries out the same technique on more modern lines with a good deal more substance as well. "Thaïs" marked a new departure in the employment of a libretto in prose. The dullness of the opera is partly due to the fact that the composer had hardly assimilated the new idea sufficiently to adapt his style to it. In "Thérèse" he has completely mastered the method of dealing with a prose text. Here, again, there is very little action before the eye, but the range of emotion is wide and varied. Miss Leila Megane, who took the title part, has a beautiful voice and the makings of a good dramatic singer, but she has not yet had sufficient experience of the stage to interpret a part which demands, above all things, subtle and delicate handling. M. Maguenat, as the husband, showed that he can be a real French actor as well as a conventional Italian one. The best interpretation was that of the lover, taken by M. André Gilly, the Nicias of "Thaïs." M. André Gilly combines a very charming voice with really beautiful diction, and he has further the natural gift of enlisting the sympathies of an audience as soon as he comes on to the stage—a most necessary quality in a part which of its very nature is morally unsympathetic. Mr. Percy Pitt's matter-of-fact conducting made a sadly humdrum business of the opera as a whole.

Hopelessly second-rate as they are, Massenet's operas have none the less something to teach us. It is perhaps only in French music that the second-rate is not merely bearable, but even charming in a certain way, because the French mind always insists on clarity of style, finished workmanship and restrained feeling. In one of Lully's ballets there is an entertaining little duet between two ladies who impersonate, respectively, French and Italian music, each setting forth the characteristic virtues of her own style. Two hundred and fifty years have passed since Lully expressed his criticism of music in terms of music itself. For Rossi and Cambert, Covent Garden substitutes Verdi and Massenet, but the criticism is no less apt in our day than in the reign of Louis XIV. Italy stands for passion, saying:

Io di te canto più forte
Perché amo più di te,
Chì risente un mal di morte
Più che può grida mercè.

To which France replies:

La manière dont je chante
Exprime mieux ma langueur;
Quand ce mal touche le cœur,
La voix est moins éclatante.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

MR. ARCHY ROSENTHAL is an accomplished pianist who fails nevertheless for lack of the rhythmic instinct. This was apparent over and over again at his recital on May 24: Chopin's A flat Ballade failed for want of clear accentuation; Debussy's "Minstrels" was taken at a pace that blurred all its fantastic niceties; in John Ireland's "Chelsea Reach" an injudicious use of *rubato* frequently distorted the composer's intentions. It should be said on behalf of Mr. Rosenthal that he was playing on a piano whose soft pedal did not work and whose keys rattled on occasion like the valley of dry bones. And one forgave him everything for introducing us to such an alluring trifle as Mr. Moeran's "At a Horse Fair," of which he caught the spirit most happily.

MUSIC-LOVERS should not overlook the three concerts that have been arranged to widen our knowledge of ancient Italian music by presenting a selection of unfamiliar works published, or in course of publication, by the Istituto Editoriale Italiano (Milan). The first of these concerts took place on May 26, and the others were announced for June 2 and June 5. A more extended review will be given later: in the meantime it is sufficient to say that the standard of performance is extremely high, and the works chosen, with hardly an exception, very beautiful. But could not a book of words have been got out? We enjoyed Signora Fino-Savio's singing immensely, but we should have enjoyed it much more if we had known what she was singing about. Mere titles are not a sufficient guide.

MISS NANCY PHILLIPS, who gave a recital at the Æolian Hall on May 26, is a young player of promise. She is not quite sure of her technique yet, and more than once her intonation was at fault for an instant when double-stopping; but her playing is intelligent and free from affectation. The programme included Bach's E major Concerto, Tartini's "Devil's Trill" (a few years' rest would do this work no harm) and McEwen's F minor Sonata. The last-named might be heard more often; it is easy to decry it, for it lacks driving power, and its harmony is tainted by a too easy chromaticism. But behind it lies the true Celtic instinct for beauty, and it affords a strong and welcome contrast to most of the stock items in a violinist's repertoire.

YET another performance of the new Elgar Sonata was heard on May 27, at a recital by Mr. John Dunn and Mr. Anderson-Tyrer. They had evidently given the work very careful study, and their reading was most interesting, but suffered somewhat from an over-insistence on detail, particularly in the first movement. Very great freedom was taken with the tempi, and the general cohesion was impaired in the endeavour to impart to each passage its own special significance. The programme also included McKenzie's "Pibroch" (a tedious work), Tartini's "Devil's Trill," and two groups of piano solos.

MISS ANNABEL McDONALD's concert on May 27 was not of great interest. The singer has a fair technique of a rather old-fashioned type, but she lacks flexibility of style, and over-emphasizes the sentimental. Her programme might easily have been improved. Mr. Max Mossel assisted with some violin solos: his playing was decidedly rough and his intonation far from reliable.

MR. MAURICE REEVE's second piano recital on May 27 was devoted entirely to Chopin. Such programmes are hazardous, for the comparisons they evoke are apt to be invidious. Mr. Reeve came out well on the whole; he has a strangely immobile fashion of playing, and gets through the most complicated passages without turning a hair. Such a method has a fascination of its own, and its application to Chopin is by no means without effect, although one felt at times that the rhapsodical element in that composer was unduly subordinated. There were moments when Mr. Reeve's playing came dangerously near to sounding like an exercise.

MADAME DONALDA AND M. MISCHA-LEON gave the second of their joint song recitals at the Æolian Hall on May 28. The most entertaining feature of the concert was the attitude of the audience to two of Ravel's little "Hebrew Melodies":

"Kaddisch," a daring though crude melodic experiment, apparently sent it to sleep, whilst "L'Enigme éternelle," depending entirely on an obvious and time-worn harmonic trick, had to be repeated. One cannot profess to explain these mysteries of crowd-psychology.

MR. CARLOS SOBRINO, who is giving a series of pianoforte recitals for students and amateurs at the Steinway Hall, used to be a fair pianist; but on May 28, whether from nervousness or lack of practice, or both, he was a very long way below his best form. His chord playing was often hard, his passage work muddy, and his pedal uncertain, whilst his memory was more than once at fault. Student and amateur alike will demand a higher standard both of technique and of interpretation in these days.

MR. HERBERT HEYNER introduced several new songs at his recital on May 27. Some settings by César Cui of macabre poems by Richépin were not very terrifying, but were at least distinguished in style. Distinction was sadly lacking in a group of songs by English composers, except for a characteristic example of Delius to words by Verlaine. Some of the other English songs illustrated only too aptly the present fashion of treating religious subjects in a spirit of reverent facetiousness which is no great improvement on either the devotional erotics or the muscular Christianity of an earlier vogue. Mr. Heyner made the most of the sentimental appeal, and was rewarded by numerous encores.

EQUALLY undistinguished were the English songs chosen by Miss Dorothy Robson on May 29; but if anything could have given them distinction, it would have been the severely restrained and musicianly way in which they were sung. Miss Robson allowed herself more freedom in a group of Spanish songs. The most interesting were Manuel de Falla's "Séguidille," and "Mañana de Primavera" by Pedro Morales, which has much originality and a wide range of poetic expression.

MISS EDITH ABRAHAMS, who played three concertos with orchestra on May 28, is a young violinist with a very accomplished technique. She was at her best in Paganini; Elgar's Concerto seemed rather beyond her capacity of interpretation, even if she had not been overpowered by an orchestra, and, indeed, by an orchestration, much too ponderous for so small a room as the Wigmore Hall.

MR. STACY AUMONIER's appearances in public have something of the rarity and something of the charm of an angelic visitation. He is one of the very best of our entertainers: seeing him again on May 29, one was more than ever astonished at the mobility of his countenance. He is the nearest approach to satire London has had since Pelissier died: if he could only be a shade more malicious, he would be the real thing. And never did we need more the tonic effect of up-to-date satirical comment on our social and political life.

M. CORTÔT, who gave a recital at Wigmore Hall on May 31, takes rank, justly, as one of the brilliant pianists of our day. But he tends to ring the changes too much on a small coterie of composers. Chopin, Schumann, Liszt—they are all very well, but we should like to hear him in the music of his own country. If he would give us a programme beginning, say, with Rameau and Couperin, and working down to Bordes, d'Indy, and de Severac—to take names quite at random—we should better be able to gauge the measure both of his musical intelligence and his interpretative power. A pianist of his rank can be quite sure the public will come and hear whatever he likes to play.

OF Mr. Murdoch's piano recital on May 31 we would say that it was disappointing to find that the catholic and interesting programme he announced at the time of his last recital had been abandoned in favour of a few overplayed works of Beethoven and Chopin. It must also be remarked, in regard to his playing, that he tends more and more to dynamic extremes; that he is in danger of mistaking roughness for strength; and that if he does not pull himself up, his playing will degenerate into the sensationalism that has been the grave of Mark Hambourg's reputation as a pianist.

Drama

SWINBURNE AND MR. YEATS

THE Stage Society pulled itself together last week and gave its members an interesting performance, made up of Swinburne's "Duke of Gandia" and Mr. Yeats's "Player Queen." Both are plays which in different respects might at first sight be considered undramatic and likely to be boring upon the stage; but in both cases the actual production had an opposite effect, and only the most *a priori* critics were wholly dissatisfied.

A severely-buttoned member of the younger generation would no doubt form the sniffiest anticipations of the romantic Swinburnian Renaissance with its "twain" and "flesh" and "womb" in every other line, and its profuse alternations of atheism and incest. But even he would be forced to admit an unexpected briskness in the four short scenes, and a really dramatic quality in the dialogue and in the structure of the verse itself. The action may lack organic development, the characters may have blurred edges, but there are few "poetic dramas" with less padding. It must be confessed that the Stage Society production did not always emphasize this merit. There was still plenty of theatricality in the acting—still a tendency to exclaim "tcha!" in moments of irritation and to bellow in moments of excitement. There was an unnecessary heaviness and thickness about the whole thing, from the lighting to the voice-production. But the worst flaw was in the appearance of Cæsar Borgia. According to the encyclopædias he was eighteen when he was made a cardinal and twenty-one when his brother was murdered. Quite apart from history, however, it is evident from mere internal evidence that Cæsar's youth was what chiefly interested Swinburne in him. So that, though one could forgive Lucrezia for seeming to imagine herself an *ingénue*, it was difficult to forgive Cæsar for being a regular old Italian cardinal of fifty-two. But the comparative rapidity and audibility of speech of all the performers made up for a great deal, and allowed one to enjoy the whole play.

If the younger generation might legitimately raise its eyebrows at the first part of the programme, the older generation might equally wrinkle its nose at the second; for Mr. Yeats appeared at a superficial glance to have grown suddenly more than a little cubist. There are two scenes in "The Player Queen," but of the twenty-two characters on the programme only two appear in both of them. And the subject-matter seemed hardly less discontinuous. A white unicorn suspected of immoral relations with the queen, an actress sitting on the throne eating lobster salad, an old beggar asking in a voice of thunder for straw because his back was itching—these were a few of the episodes. The audience gasped, or tried hurriedly to deduce the allegory which no doubt underlay these heterogeneities and gave them unity. Meanwhile, there continued an entertaining flow of new incidents and new characters—the unicorn's reputation cleared, the lobster's claw flung across the room at the Prime Minister, the old beggar rolling at last on his back, and turning into the donkey which carried our Lord into Jerusalem—until the search for allegory and unity was forgotten in the satisfaction of the immediate moment. The actors seemed more at home with Mr. Yeats's deliberately ingenuous mixture of stilted and *terre-à-terre* prose than with Swinburne's blank verse, but the want of lightness was also more noticeable. The one play, however, was as enjoyable as the other, though the audience would have been happier during the later part of the performance if the small dog which was kept behind the scenes had been more effectively muzzled.

J. S.

Correspondence

MODERN POETRY AND MODERN SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—You printed an unsigned article the other day severely rebuking contemporary poets; and in the following week you printed a letter suggesting that the writer of the article was some person who has also written on Mr. Hardy and on epic poetry, and whose initials are "L. A." It happens that these three particulars fit me. You know I did not write the article, and I suppose you know who did. As you printed Mr. Crundell's letter, it must, of course, have been another "L. A." I wonder if all "L. A.'s" write books on Hardy and the epic? Evidently it is not generally known that they do, for I have been a good deal annoyed lately by people assuming that I also wrote your leading article. The argument goes that you would never have printed Mr. Crundell's letter if "L. A." had not been the writer in question; and I cannot deny the force of this. So I must ask you to print this letter in order to make it clear that although, as you have allowed Mr. Crundell to say so, the writer of the article must have been an "L. A.," author of books on Hardy and the epic, yet, beyond a peradventure, it was not

Yours faithfully,
LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

Kentmere, Westmoreland.

BEYLE-STENDHAL AND THE "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I have just been reading the article Mr. J. Middleton Murry published in THE ATHENÆUM of May 9 concerning my book, "La Vie littéraire sous Louis Philippe." I am very grateful to Mr. Middleton Murry for his excellent appreciation. May I be allowed, however, to call his attention to a certain point I consider important?

Mr. Middleton Murry writes: "He [François Buloz] never dreamed . . . of asking Beyle-Stendhal to contribute. . . . This is fairly inexact. My grandfather asked and obtained from Stendhal some important contributions which were published in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Amongst these were "Les Cenci" and other striking novels, since famous.

This is no small point. I am sure Mr. Middleton Murry will think the same. Everyone is free to appreciate a man, and the way he failed or succeeded, but a fact is a fact, and I could not help pointing this one out to you.

Excuse me, Sir, if my English is not very good. I should be much obliged to you if you would kindly publish this rectification in your next ATHENÆUM.—Believe me, Sir,

Yours sincerely,
M. L. PAILLERON.

55, Rue de Verneuil, Paris,
May 25, 1919.

CEZANNE.

SIR,—Mr. Bell's conception of the duty and authority of the critic is most interesting. But his evidence on the military career of Cézanne is a little incomplete, and would tend to leave a false impression of the character of that great painter (though it does not, of course, affect the value of his work, one way or another). Perhaps the following quotation may serve to correct that impression:

Il avait continué, comme tant d'autres, après le siège de Paris, sous la Commune, à faire partie de la garde nationale, et, pendant la bataille entre les Fédérés et l'armée de Versailles, avait été pris et envoyé à Satory. Il passa en Conseil de guerre. Heureusement pour lui que les officiers enquêteurs n'eurent point l'idée de rechercher les tableaux qu'il tenait en vente, pour les montrer à ses juges, car dans ce cas il eût été sûrement condamné et fusillé.—"Cézanne: biographie," par Théodore Duret—published by Bernheim-Jeune, Paris, 1914.

It is sufficiently clear from this that, whatever distaste Cézanne may have had for the "métier militaire," he must have overcome it so far as to join the "garde nationale."

in Paris, and that he, at least, did not consider his life too precious to risk the loss of it in battle, or by execution.

Yours truly,

Darnall's Hall, Weston,
Stevenage, Herts.
June 1, 1919.

JACQUES RAVERAT.

MUSIC THE CINDERELLA OF THE ARTS.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I am afraid Mme. Coralie Dutordoit, in your issue of May 30, has not considered that her own outlook may be rather narrow, in her apparent eagerness to criticize Mr. James Walker's outlook. Before proceeding any further, I should like to mention that I served three years with an infantry division in France, and was wounded once, so I can hardly be considered a pro-German. The lady in question has, I think, evaded the points at issue in Mr. Walker's letter. In reply to his statement that "we are dependent upon public performances for our hearing of such things as Beethoven's symphonies," she says that piano arrangements of these symphonies can be picked up anywhere in London. If she has ever had the pleasure, or, to describe it more adequately, the acute pain, of hearing the pianoforte arrangements of such symphonies as the "Pastorale" and the famous "Ninth," she will realize that Mr. Walker's statement is pretty accurate. The astronomical analogy introduced at this point struck me as being rather out of place. She next proceeds to "the spirit of the age." I think it is rather obvious that Mr. Walker, in introducing this remark, alluded to the insatiable desire the modern public has for anything which to the fairly intellectual individual is repulsive, as illustrated in everyday life by the craze for "Jazz," and the peculiar way that they discover something humorous in the most tragic passages in operas and dramas. Quite recently, on witnessing a performance of Puccini's opera "Madame Butterfly," during some of the most tragic passages giggling could be heard from all quarters of the house. A friend also remarked that on an occasion when he witnessed the recent play of Maurice Maeterlinck, "The Burgomaster," during the scene in which the burgomaster is about to be executed, his tragic lines were accompanied by laughing from various quarters of the theatre. This, I think, graphically illustrates the "spirit of the age."

Mme. Dutordoit next deliberately evades the point raised concerning the advisability of introducing classical music into the lives of children when young, which, in all cases that I have met with, my own included, has had a distinctly beneficial effect; whilst, as Mr. Walker remarks, educated people who have not had this advantage seem to have no taste for music at all. I fail to see how "the song of the bird, the ripple of the stream and fountain," will assist the juvenile mind to understand the beauties of Beethoven, Chopin, etc.

What I am most concerned with are the vindictive thrusts at Beethoven. It appears to me the height of narrowmindedness to assert that "a Beethoven festival does disgrace the days when the Hun is signing his peace with the victorious nations who have not produced 'a Beethoven.'" There was never a more peace-loving composer than Beethoven, who sought inspiration in the country lanes and fields, and the modern spirit of Germany cannot in any way be attributed to him. Perhaps a quotation or two on the subject from the extensive Beethoven literature would not be amiss. Here are two from numerous similar ones. Having a great respect for Napoleon's abilities as a general, he dedicated his "Eroica" Symphony to Napoleon with the words:—

Sinfonia Grande
"Napoleon Bonaparte"
1804 in August.
del Sigr.
Louis Van Beethoven.
Sinfonia 3.
Op. 55.

Before the composition could be submitted to Napoleon, however, Beethoven's pupil Reis informed him that the great general had assumed the title of Emperor. As soon as Beethoven heard this, he started up in a rage, seized the score, and tore the title-page completely off, exclaiming: "After all, then, he's nothing but an ordinary mortal! Here is a tyrant the more! He will trample the rights of men under

his feet." Further, when the severity of conscription forced Reis to the war, and the youth wanted funds, Beethoven pleaded his cause with the Princess Lichtenstein. These were his words:—"Poor Reis, my scholar, is forced by this *unhappy war* to shoulder a musket," etc., etc. (Letter dated November, 1805).

I will not quote further from the numerous passages illustrating Beethoven's dislike of war; his melancholy, sombre music is sufficient in itself to disclose the composer's disposition.

In conclusion, I should like to say that whilst entirely in agreement with the lady's opinion that modern composers should have a chance, although up to now they have produced nothing to approach the works of the German masters, I see no reason why the works of men like Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn should be said to disgrace modern times, for the simple reason that we have just terminated a horrid war with Germany. Apart from their music, their biographies give ample evidence of their peace-loving nature.

Yours faithfully,
H. P. WIDDUP.

Liverpool University, June 2, 1919.

MR. WINANS ON THE BUST OF HIMSELF.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank Mr. Winans for his instruction. If at some future date I should see a picture the technique and texture of which make me think of that morning compound, tooth-paste, I will refrain from saying so, and thus save Mr. Winans from a second appearance to inform me that it is not in *reality* tooth paste, but oil paint.—Yours, etc.,
J. G.

DISTRESS IN POLAND.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—The Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee, whose work among civilians, especially in France, may be known to your readers, has received repeated appeals to give help in Poland, in consequence of which our chairman, Mr. Thompson Elliott, and I have just paid a short visit of investigation. We found the country suffering from a terrible epidemic of typhus—100,000 cases is a recent estimate by the Ministry of Health, a condition which is greatly aggravated by the lack of supplies. The two most crying needs are soap and linen—two essentials in the fight with this disease which our visits to five typhus and other general hospitals, both in town and country, showed us were urgently required. In Cracow the maternity ward of the hospital has no more clothes for the babies, whom we saw wrapped up in old rags. By the kindness of the Ministry of Health in Warsaw—who are doing their utmost to fight disease and its causes—we travelled to the Kielce and Olkusz districts in the south, where they ask our aid. We hope to send a small unit in response to this appeal to work in co-operation with the Ministry of Health, and—if it sends a unit—with the British Red Cross. We are anxious not to delay our help a day longer than is necessary, and therefore urge any of your readers who desire to give help in this effort to send it at once.

Yours sincerely,

A. RUTH FRV,

Hon. Secretary, Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee.
91, Bishopsgate, E.C., June 2, 1919.

THE pictures that were removed from the National Gallery for safety during the war—675 in all—have been brought back to Trafalgar Square. The report of the Director states that after the evacuation of the galleries and rooms by the Government, a considerable time will be needed for necessary repairs and redecoration. The Trustees express no hope that the whole Gallery will be reopened this year. The number of visitors to the Gallery last year was: 179,767 on free days, 43,263 on Sunday afternoons, and 14,659 (exclusive of men and women in uniform) on students' days. The average daily attendance on free days was 864, and on Sunday afternoons 832.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, Oxford, has appointed to the post of organist (vacant by the resignation at the end of last year of Dr. J. Varley Roberts) Mr. Haldane Campbell Stewart, B. Mus., Director of Music at Tonbridge School.

Foreign Literature

ART AND THE TRADITION

L'ART INDÉPENDANT FRANÇAIS SOUS LA TROISIÈME RÉPUBLIQUE.
Par Camille Mauclair. (Paris, Renaissance du Livre. 2fr.50.)
L'ART PENDANT LA GUERRE. Par Robert de la Sizeranne.
(Hachette, 4fr. 70.)

M. MAUCLAIR is an independent who has lived to find himself a believer in tradition. Ever a hater of official art, he has been outstripped by non^e in his ardour to overthrow existing academies and institutes. He has been the admirer and, in many cases, the friend of most of the great independent artists in literature, painting and music who have lived and worked in the days of the Third Republic. Now, in his later years, he has come to the conclusion that a tradition and a discipline are profitable and necessary to the existence of the arts. He fears anarchy as much as he hates officialdom. It is not that he has ceased to admire his old friends and fellow-rebels; but he has come to believe that their example is pernicious to those who have inherited from them only the rebelliousness without the compensating genius. There will be many to agree with M. Mauclair in desiring to see the revival of a living classical tradition, which shall check and discipline the unlimited individualism that flourishes in the arts to-day.

Perhaps the most characteristic difference between the modern independents and their classical predecessors lies in their attitude towards the great set-pieces in which the older artists scored their most splendid triumphs. In literature, in painting, in music, the same phenomenon is observable. There are no modern epics, no great overwhelming pictures; the symphony is giving place to the musical lyric. In this contraction of theme, commercial conditions are certainly a contributing cause: nearly a century ago we find poor Haydon groaning over the unwillingness of the aristocracy and the rich bourgeois to buy his grand historical paintings—an unwillingness due, not as one might have hoped, to the good taste of potential buyers, but to their parsimony and cautiousness. But commercial conditions are not the only cause; the whole theory of the independents themselves has run counter to the idea of large monumental works. Occupied in interpreting their own individual sensations and thoughts, they have abandoned the large classical themes to devote themselves to minuter studies. They have concentrated intensely on the problems of style. Style, of course, is of the highest importance. It is the essentially artistic element in art, the outward expression of the human mind moulding the matter in which it works. But in their preoccupation with style, the independents have largely neglected matter. The "subject," on which the classical authors brought their powers of style to bear, has almost disappeared from modern art; style hangs, self-supported, in the void. Style may be, as we have said, the essentially human, æsthetic element in art; but, divorced from matter, from the beauties of external reality, it tends to become singularly dry and lifeless. Artists brought up in the independent school, preoccupied with the purely æsthetic side of art, are apt to be afraid of beauty, afraid of the great emotions, afraid of universal truths. They are terrified lest they should become "pompiers" if they traffick in these things. Some have stylized life out of existence, sacrificing the beautiful to the æsthetic. Some, fearing to be betrayed into sentimentality, have eschewed emotions for mere sensations. The classical masters had style, but they had also matter. Their painters were not afraid of becoming chocolate-boxy if they represented more or less faithfully some of the inexhaustible beauties of external reality. They

had as much sense of the æsthetic as the independents of to-day; unlike their successors, they could stylize the uninformed, indefinite beauty of nature without destroying it in the process. Their pictures are the æsthetic arrangement of objects in themselves beautiful and significant. In literature, too, men were not afraid of the fundamental emotions or of general truths. They could be individual without talking of themselves; they could stamp the impress of their style on large impersonal themes.

Is there to-day any classical tradition to oppose to this disintegrating individualism? Official and academic art is the ludicrous travesty of a classical, traditional art. It illustrates all the faults of sentimentality, over-emphasis and dullness into which the independents are so afraid too much afraid, perhaps of falling. The independents have done good work in breaking and discrediting this fossilized classicism. But intransigent individualism is sterile and unproductive. What is needed now is a return to a genuine and living classical tradition.

Perhaps the only country in which a definite artistic tradition now exists is Germany. In his admirably amusing study of modern German art, M. de la Sizeranne gives a not too prejudiced picture of the results of this tradition. Germany is certainly a hideous warning of what havoc a bad tradition may work. The deplorable Boecklin, with his sentimental pantheism, his islands of the dead, his realistic mythology, is the father of the modern German school.

Des Deutschen Künstlers Vaterland
Ist Griechenland, ist Griechenland.

One traces Boecklin's neo-classicism everywhere: in Kley's pornographic drawings of centaurs and nymphs, or again, in the world of practical life, in that characteristically German cult for the nude, which drives earnest professors and their wives to go out skiing with no clothes on, in the belief that they are recapturing the authentic spirit of Hellas. Running parallel with Boecklinism, and perhaps deriving inspiration from the grandiose bestiality of the Boecklinian centaur, we find the brutal-colossal school of which every Bismarck memorial offers an example. Translated into terms of architecture and decoration, the same strength and size dominate modern German town-planning. The German tradition is a bad tradition and has been fruitful in bad works. But the important fact is that it has been fruitful. It justifies one in hoping much from a good tradition.

A. L. H.

GUILLAUME - LE - PETIT: POÈMES. Par A. Ferdinand Herold. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3fr. 50.)—M. Herold's new poems are more interesting than the name of the book would lead one to suppose. It is possible to put aside those which bring in "Guillaume-le-Petit" and those which obviously refer to him, and to find much that is beautiful in those that are left. After all, the pieces about "Guillaume" neither reveal any striking poetical thought, nor do they tell us anything new about an unpleasant personality. The best poems are those which reflect the varying moods of Nature and the familiar sounds and objects of the country. Time as he grows old by no means teaches everything, as Prometheus vainly imagined; or if he does teach, the lesson is so unconvincing as to be hardly ever learned. Yet Time and Nature are the teachers and healers of a countryside stricken by war, as M. Herold reminds us in several very beautiful pieces of verse. The thought of war, its uselessness and its desolation, breaks in upon most of his reveries. Sometimes he faces it frankly, as in "L'an neuf." Sometimes it interrupts the stream of his thought, obtruding itself in the middle of a poem, or mocking him at the end for trying to forget it. "Calme" is a beautiful instance of this:

Il semble que l'amour ait béni la vallée.
La douleur aux pieds lourds ne la souillera pas.
L'oubli descend sur la nature consolée.
Et cependant la mort stupide rit là-bas

LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEHOV

Translated by S. KOTELIANSKY and KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

VI.

To A. S. SOUVORIN.

(October 10, 1888, Moscow.)

THE news of the prize had an astounding effect. It broke over the house and over Moscow like the formidable thunder of immortal Zeus.

I go about, these days, like one in love; mother and father talk nonsense and are unspeakably happy; my ambitious, nervous sister, who guards our reputation with the strictness and pettiness of a court lady, runs among her friends ringing a treble peal. Jean Scheglov talks about literary lags, and of the five hundred enemies I shall acquire with the five hundred roubles. I met the Lenskys [husband and wife: theatrical people] and gave them my word that I would dine with them; I met a lady, an admirer of the arts, who also invited me to dinner. The inspector of the county council school came to congratulate me, and brought my "Kashstanka" [a story: "The Brown Doggy"] for two hundred roubles to "make a profit out of it." I believe that even Anna Ivanovna [Souvorin's wife], who will not recognize either me or Scheglov as a writer, would invite me to dinner now. Xs, Zs and Ns, who write in humorous papers, have taken alarm, and begin to hope for their future. I say again: fiction writers of the second or third class ought to erect a monument to me, or at least present me with a silver cigarette case. It is I who have paved the way for them into the serious magazines, into the laurels and hearts of decent people. Up till now this is my only merit, and all that I have written and for which I have been given the prize will not live in men's memories even ten years.

I have had a terrific run of luck. The summer I spent superbly, happily; living cost hardly more than a few farthings, and I made no particularly big debts. There smiled on me the Pszol, the sea, the Caucasus and the booksellers (I got something nearly every month for my "Twilight"). In September I cleared off nearly half my debt, and wrote a little tale in two and a quarter folios, which brought me over three hundred roubles. Also the second edition of "Twilight" appeared. And suddenly, out of the blue, showered down that prize. Such a run of luck that I am beginning to look suspicious and askance at the heavens. I must with all speed hide under the table and sit there quietly, meekly, without raising my voice.

Until I make up my mind to a serious step, *i.e.*, until I write a novel, I shall keep myself apart, quietly and modestly, write little unpretentious stories and little plays, and neither climb mountains nor fall down them, but work smoothly like Burenin's pulse. [Here there is a wavy line.] I shall model myself upon that Ukrainian who said: "If I were a king I should steal a hundred roubles and be off." While I am a little king on my anthill, I'll steal a hundred roubles and be off. But I am writing you nonsense.

I am being talked about at present. Strike the iron while it's hot. My two books ought to be advertised three times consecutively now, and on the 19th, when my premium will be officially announced. The five hundred roubles I'll put away towards buying a little farm. The money for the books will go towards it, too.

I am sending the story of the young man and prostitution, of which I told you, for the Garshin book.

I am not easy in my soul. That's all nonsense, though. Be well and happy. Yours, A. T.

Am sending you a story by Yezhov, a teacher. The story is as immature and naïve as its heroine, Lelya—that's

why it is nice. All the wooden passages I have cut out. If you can't use the story, don't throw it away. My protégé would be hurt.

To A. S. SOUVORIN.

(October 14, 1888, Moscow.)

How do you do again, Alexey Sergueyevitch. Jean Scheglov has probably handed you, yesterday or to-day, my letter with an enclosure—a story by my protégé Yezhov. To-day I want to answer your last letter. First about hæmorrhage. . . I first noticed it in myself three years ago at the High Court. [He was reporting a case for a Petersburg paper.] It lasted three or four days, and it produced no small commotion in my soul and in my household. It was abundant. . . Blood from the right lung. Since then, about twice a year, I notice blood. I mean blood running, now abundantly, thickly colouring the expectoration, and now not so much. The day before yesterday or the previous day—I forget—I noticed blood; but that was "yesterday"—it is over to-day. Each winter, autumn and spring, and on each damp summer day I cough. But all that only frightens me when I see blood: there is something ominous in blood running from the mouth: it's like the reflection of a fire. But when there is no blood I don't get excited or threaten Russian literature with "yet another loss." The point is that consumption or any other serious lung trouble is only recognized by a combination of symptoms, and with me that combination is lacking. Hæmorrhage from the lungs is not serious in itself: sometimes blood runs from the lungs all day long, it comes out with a gush, the patient and all the household are terrified, and in the end the patient does not die—and that is what happens most often. So do be convinced of this: if you are with anyone who is known to be not a consumptive and he spits blood, there is no cause for alarm. A woman can lose with impunity half of her blood, and a man a little less than half.

If the hæmorrhage I had in the High Court was the sign of threatening consumption I should have been in the other world long ago—that is how I look at it.

If Moslov has no time for writing comedies, advise him to try one-act plays. Between a long drama and a one-act play the difference is only in the quantity. You should sit down quietly and write a one-act play, too. *Apropos*, I'll put your name down at the Dramatic Society. Keep well. Yours A. T.

To A. S. SOUVORIN.

(October 27, 1888, Moscow.)

Yezhov is not a sparrow, but rather (if I may express myself in the noble language of sportsmen) a puppy who has not yet been mated. He is still just running about and smelling things, and rushing at birds as well as frogs without distinguishing between them. I am still at a loss to say where he belongs or what his capacities are. In a Moscow newspaper sense his youth, decency and modesty are strongly in his favour.

I do sometimes preach heresy, but I have never yet gone so far as to say there must be absolutely no questions about artistic work. When talking with fellow-writers, I insist always that it is not the business of an artist to solve highly technical questions. An artist is wrong in undertaking what he does not understand. For special questions there exist specialists whose business it is to discuss the affairs of the community, the future of capitalism, the evils of alcoholism, boots, women's diseases.

But an artist must discuss only that which he understands; his sphere is as limited as any other—this I repeat, and on this I shall always insist. That his sphere does not contain questions, but is made up wholly and solely of answers,

could only be argued by one who has never written and never had to do with creative work. An artist observes, selects, divines, relates—these activities alone presuppose a question. If from the very first one has not put a question to oneself, then there is nothing to divine or to select. To put it briefly, I'll have done with psychology, if one is going to deny, in creative work, the question and the deliberate intention. If you do that, you must admit that an artist creates without premeditation or purpose, under the influence of some false impression. Therefore, if an artist boasted to me that he had written a story without any previous deliberation, but by inspiration only, I should call him a lunatic.

You are right in asking from an artist a conscious attitude to his activity, but you are mixing up two things: the solving of the question and the correct putting of the question. It is the latter only which is obligatory upon the artist. There's not a single question solved in "Anna Karenina" or "Onyegin," but they satisfy completely, because all the questions are correctly put. The judge puts the question; the jury decides, each one according to his taste.

Yezhov is not grown up yet. The other man whom I commend to your attention, A. Grusinsky-Lasaryov, has more talent; is cleverer and more sound.

To-morrow, my "Bear" is being performed at Korsh's. I have written another one-act play: two male parts, one female.

You write that the hero of my "Birthday Party" is a type worth studying. Good God, I'm not an insensitive brute, I understand that. I am aware that I cut my heroes to pieces and spoil them, that good material is being simply thrown away. To speak frankly, I would willingly sit on the "Birthday Party" six months. I love taking my time, and there's no charm for me in quick-firing publication. Gladly, with pleasure, with relish and gusto, I should love to describe my *whole* hero; I would describe his soul during his wife's travail, the verdict pronounced on him, his rotten feeling after acquittal. I would describe how the midwife and the doctors drank tea during the night, I would describe the rain . . . This would give me nothing but pleasure, because I love rummaging about and having time to turn round. But what can I do? I begin the story on the 10th of September with the knowledge that I am bound to finish it by the 5th of October—the final date. If I'm late with it the editor is deceived and I get no money. The beginning I write quickly and at my ease, but in the middle I begin to falter and take fright lest my story should turn out too long. I must bear in mind that the *Syeverny Vvestnik* has very little money and that I am one of the expensive contributors.

That is why the beginning, with me, always seems to promise a great deal; the middle crumples up and is timid, and the end, just as it does in a very short story, goes off like fireworks. It's natural to me, when writing a story, to busy myself first of all with the framework. From the crowd of heroes and half-heroes I select one person—the wife, or the husband—I place that person against the background and draw only him. Him I lay stress on, and the others I scatter like little coins, and the result is something like the canopy of heaven: one large moon and a crowd of little stars round it. The moon is not a success because it could only be comprehended together with the stars, and the stars are not worked up enough. So the result with me is not literature but patchwork. What is to be done? I do not know. I do not know. I must trust to all-healing time.

To be absolutely frank with you, in spite of the prize I have not yet begun my literary activity. There are subjects for five tales and two novels pining away in my head. One of the novels I thought out so long ago that some of the characters have become obsolete without

having been written. There is a whole army of people in my head begging to be let out and only waiting the word of command. All that I have written up to now is rubbish compared with what I want to write and what I would write with rapture. Whether it is "Birthday Parties" or "Fires" or a one-act play or a letter to a friend does not matter. All that is boring, mechanical, dull stuff, and I am sorry for the critic who attaches importance, for instance, to "Fires." It seems to me that I am deceiving him by my works just as I deceive many people by my serious or extremely gay expression. Success is no pleasure to me; the themes which sit in my head are vexatiously jealous of those already written; it is vexing that the rubbish is written already and the good stuff is still lying about in the warehouse, like so much waste paper. Of course, my lamentation is greatly exaggerated, much of it only *seems* so to me, but there is a pinch of truth in it and a big pinch. What do I mean by "good"? Those ideas which seem to me best, which I love and jealously guard so as neither to waste nor murder them in "Birthday Parties" written against time. If my love for them is mistaken, then I am wrong, but it is possible that my love is not mistaken. Either I am a fool and a self-opiniated creature or I am in truth an organism capable of being a good writer. I dislike all that is being written nowadays and it bores me; but what sits in my head interests, moves and agitates me. From that I deduce that everybody is writing what need not be written, and that I alone have the secret of what should be done. Most likely all writers think the same. Well, the devil himself will break his neck over these questions.

Money will not help in solving such a problem. Another thousand roubles will not solve the question, and a hundred thousand won't buy the moon. Besides, when I do happen to have money (I wonder if it's because I'm not used to it) I become awfully careless and lazy: then the sea is only up to my knees. What I need is solitude and time.

Forgive me for taking up your time with my own affairs. I slipped into writing that. For some reason, I am not working now. Thank you for publishing my articles. Please don't stand on ceremony with them; make them shorter or longer, modify them, cut them—do just what you like. As Korsh says: I give you *carte blanche*. I hope they are not keeping any other writer out.

Tell me what Anna Ivanovna's eye complaint is in Latin. Then I'll let you know whether or not it is serious. If atropine is prescribed then it is serious, but not always. And what is wrong with Mastya? [Souvorin's daughter]. If you hope to be cured of boredom in Moscow, your hopes are in vain. It's most terrifically boring here. Many writers have been arrested—Golzev among them. Greetings to all. Yours.—A. T.

A mosquito is flying about my room. Where did he come from?

Thank you for the *large-eyed advertisements* of my books.

THE eclipse of the sun on May 29 was observed by two English expeditions—one in the charge of Professor Eddington of Cambridge on the island of Principe, off West Africa; the other, from Greenwich, in Brazil. The particular importance of these observations and their bearing upon the new "Principle of Relativity" have been discussed recently in the scientific articles of THE ATHENÆUM. It is a matter of satisfaction to note that British astronomers are doing the major portion of the work on this important occasion. Professor Eddington himself has been one of the chief exponents of the Einstein theory in this country, and has recently published in the *Transactions* of the Philosophical Society a most valuable critical account of the new theory of relativity. In a message to the Astronomer Royal, Professor Eddington states that the observation had to be made through clouds, but that he is hopeful of good results.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class; the second one of the sub-divisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

Klickmann (Flora). THE LURE OF THE PEN. See LITERATURE, 808. 029.6

Sparke (Archibald). HOW THE PUBLIC LIBRARY CAN HELP THE BUSINESS MAN. Bolton, Public Libraries Committee, 1919. 10 in. 41 pp., 1/ n. 016.658

This, the third edition, is an extended catalogue of the directories, dictionaries, year-books, encyclopædias, atlases, and the more important business and technological works in the Bolton Public Libraries, which are well provided with tools and aids for people engaged in business. The greater activity and the wider recognition of this department will do much to bring into prominence the importance of public libraries to every side of life.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Jones (C. Sheridan). THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BLACK BOOK. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7½ in. 185 pp., 5/ n. 176

So far as we have noticed, the "Black Book," the alleged existence of which some time ago caused a short-lived sensation, is mentioned just once in the volume before us. The title chosen, therefore, is, to say the least, inappropriate.

***Plowman (Max).** WAR AND THE CREATIVE IMPULSE. Preface by Henry W. Nevins. Headley, 1919. 7 in. 133 pp., paper, 2/ n. 172.4

Like so many other young soldiers, Mr. Max Plowman entered the war full of military enthusiasm and came out of it a convinced pacifist. He and his fellows were not inconstant; on the contrary, it is they who were the faithful ones—faithful to the ideals with which the war began, and which so soon grew dim and vanished. The question which Mr. Plowman poses is this: What kind of peace will satisfy humanity? The Quakers' peace is a negative, passive state of being, in which there is no room for human passions. But it is no use condemning or ignoring the passions; they exist and function. You might as sensibly condemn the law of gravitation. What is needed is that the passions should be trained and harnessed to creative work. Mr. Plowman's description of the peace of the future—a peace as active in creation as war is active in destruction—is well and thoughtfully written. His essay is one of the better specimens of that type of politico-philosophical discourses which the reconstruction period is bringing forth in such large numbers.

Sidgwick (Henry). NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL RIGHT AND WRONG: two essays. Preface by Viscount Bryce. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 7½ in. 77 pp. paper, 1/6 n. 172.4

The late Henry Sidgwick wrote "Public Morality" in 1897, and "The Morality of Strife" in 1890: both essays are reprinted from his "Practical Ethics." In the former Sidgwick showed that he had already detected the drift of German thought towards a Machiavellian amorality in matters of State. In the other essay he reviewed the working of courts of arbitration, principally in industrial conflicts.

200 RELIGION.

Drummond (James). PAULINE MEDITATIONS. With Memorial Introduction by Edith Drummond and Professor G. Dawes Hicks. Lindsey Press, 1919. 7½ in. 380 pp., 7/6 n. 242

The first proofs of this volume of devotional and practical Pauline studies had reached Dr. Drummond before his death on June 13, 1918. The "Meditations," which deal with

Paul as a preacher, the spirit of prayer, the Church, and other themes, are accompanied by a chapter of personal memories of the former Principal of Manchester College by Miss Edith Drummond, and by an appreciation of Drummond as teacher and theologian by Professor Dawes Hicks, who was one of his students. Mr. W. H. Drummond contributes the preface.

Hankey (Donald). THE CROSS. Melrose, 1919. 6½ in. 52 pp., paper, 1/ n. 289.7

The author left a mass of material for a "Life of Christ," which he hoped would be an "Apologia pro Christo" in the light of modern science and thought that might perchance attract and convince agnostic readers. "The Cross" was intended to be a chapter in the projected book. The theme is the doctrine of the Suffering God, and redemption through pain—the essential doctrine of the Cross.

Matthews (W. R.), ed. THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND: ITS NATURE AND FUTURE. Univ. of London Press, 1919. 7½ in. 228 pp., 5/ n. 283

The writers are Bishop Hensley Henson, Bishop Woods, Canon E. W. Watson, Canon B. L. Goudge, and Professor A. J. Headlam. See review on p. 429.

Shafto (G. R. H.). THE SONG OF THE EXCELLENT WAY. Student Christian Movement, 1919. 8½ in. 24 pp. paper, 6d. n. 227.2

A clear exposition of chapter 13 of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, for the use of Study Circles. Questionaries follow the eight sections.

Smith (G. Elliot). THE EVOLUTION OF THE DRAGON. Manchester, Univ. Press, 1919. 10 in. 254 pp. il., 10/6 n. 291

"The Evolution of the Dragon" is a somewhat misleading title; for though it is true that Professor Elliot Smith does say a good deal about them, dragons are by no means the only things dealt with in this book. The author puts forward a whole new theory of the origin and meaning of myths, and dragons are the central link in his chain of argument. It is interesting to note that, in opposition to many recent anthropologists, Professor Smith denies the possibility of similar beliefs and practices being independently developed in different parts of the globe.

***Vaughan (Thomas).** THE WORKS OF THOMAS VAUGHAN, EUGENIUS PHILALETHES. Ed., annotated, and introduced by Arthur Edward Waite. Theosophical Publishing House, 1919. 9 in. 51 and 498 pp. front. apps. bib. ind., 21/ n. 212

Thomas was twin brother of Henry Vaughan, the Silurist. The "D.N.B." describes him as an alchemist; he was also a mystic, a theosophist, and an interpreter of the Hermetic tradition. This well-produced edition of his works, never previously collected, is the first volume of a series of transactions to be issued by the Library Committee of the Theosophical Society of England and Wales. It comprises, besides the biographical preface and the expository introduction of Mr. Waite, a leading student of mystical doctrine, the following works: "Anthroposophia Theomagica, a discourse of the nature of man and his state after death"; "Anima Magica Abscondita, a discourse of the universal spirit of nature"; "Magia Adamica, the antiquity of magic"; "Cælum Terræ, the magician's heavenly chaos, unfolding a doctrine concerning the terrestrial heaven"; "Lumen de Lumine, a new magical light"; "Aula Lucis, the house of light"; "The Fraternity of the Rosy Cross"; and "Euphrates, the waters of the East." Vaughan's Latin poems and other fragments are printed in the appendixes.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

Cooper (W. R.). THE CLAIMS OF CAPITAL AND LABOUR. Prefatory note by G. H. Roberts. Constable, 1919. 7½ in. 88 pp. ind., 2/6 n. 331

"Capital cannot do without Labour," and "the converse is equally true." From this basis Mr. Cooper proceeds to a defence of the "essential partnership of Capital and Labour." He seeks a remedy for industrial troubles in co-operation "to stimulate production," and gives a useful account of some schemes for closer relations.

***G asquet (Francis Aidan, Cardinal).** GREAT BRITAIN AND THE HOLY SEE, 1792-1806: a chapter in the history of diplomatic relations between England and Rome. Rome, Desclée & Co., 1919. 10 in. 56 pp. paper. 327.42
See notice on p. 431.

Howard Association. PRISON REFORM: THE POLICY OF THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION. The Association, 43, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate, E.C.2, 1919. 8½ in. 8 pp. paper. 365

The Committee of the Howard Association has had the advantage of the experience of persons of education and character who have been subjected to periods of imprisonment through the operation of the Military Service Acts and the Defence of the Realm Act, and have seen at close quarters some of our present prison methods. In the pamphlet before us are a number of suggestions, based upon this experience and upon evidence in the possession of the Committee, in regard to reforms considered to be necessary. These include the abolition of the silence rule, more free intercourse with *judicio* us persons from outside, who are likely to have a good influence on prisoners, and extension of the functions now exercised by the paid prison chaplains to persons of all denominations, paid or unpaid, having the necessary gifts.

Melland (Edward). A PLEA FOR PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 8½ in. 37 pp. paper, 1/ n. 321.8

That latter-day developments of the party system of government tend towards the enfeeblement of representative institutions and the substitution of oligarchy and bureaucracy for democracy; that the party system must be destroyed root and branch; and that the only pathway to true democracy is parliamentary government, are among the author's contentions. Mr. Melland is strongly in favour of Proportional Representation, and considers that the Government should be as representative as possible of the entire House of Commons, and not chosen from only one side of the House.

400 PHILOLOGY.

The Essentials of English Teaching. By Members of the English Association. Longmans [1919]. 9½ in. 12 pp. paper, 1/. 420.7

The principles laid down in this little pamphlet are so sensible and so obvious that one wonders why it should still be necessary to insist upon them. That it is necessary, all those who have had any experience of English teaching in the Public Schools will certainly agree. Our native language is still, for the most part, taught by incompetents in an hour or two grudgingly spared from other studies. In these pages the English Association outlines a comprehensive system of teaching, graduated according to age, to replace the purely haphazard instruction, or lack of instruction, only too common at the present time.

The Modern Language Review, vol. 14, no. 2, April. Cambridge, University Press, 1919. 9 in. 104 pp. paper, 5/ n. 405

Mr. R. W. Chambers and Sir I. Gollancz contribute observations on the texts of "Piers Plowman" and "Cleanness" respectively. Mr. H. Wright publishes an interesting article on Henry Brooke's "Gustavus Vasa" and the reasons for its suppression by the Government in 1738. Florence Page writes on Victor Hugo's indebtedness to Sebastian Mercier, and Mr. Sanjin Cano discusses the pronunciation of the Spanish "ch." Among the Miscellaneous Notes is a very interesting communication from Mr. Shearin on the American versions of old English ballads, such as "Lord Randal."

***Moulton (James Hope).** A GRAMMAR OF NEW TESTAMENT GREEK: vol. 2, ACCIDENCE AND WORD-FORMATION: part 1, GENERAL INTRODUCTION: SOUNDS AND WRITING. Ed. by Wilbert Francis Howard. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 1919. 8½ in. 130 pp. bibliog. paper, 7/ n. 487.3
The first volume of Professor Moulton's grammar, "The Prolegomena," appeared in January, 1906. Immediately afterwards he began to work at the second volume, to which he devoted most of his leisure during the succeeding ten years; and in 1917 occurred the author's lamentable death. Consequently it has fallen to other hands to prepare for publication volume 2, which is to consist of three parts: (1) Sounds and Writings; (2) Accidence; (3) Word-formation. The first and

second parts were complete, but the third was unfinished. The Introduction, which treats of New Testament Greek as a unity, of its relations with literary Greek, and of Hebraisms, has been completed by Mr. Howard.

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Barrett (Sir James W.). A VISION OF THE POSSIBLE: WHAT THE R.A.M.C. MIGHT BECOME: an account of some of the medical work in Egypt; together with a constructive criticism of the R.A.M.C. H. K. Lewis, 1919. 9 in. 202 pp. il. maps, ind., 9/ n. 617.99

Some of what the author regards as serious shortcomings in the Royal Army Medical Corps are plainly set forth in this account of the organization of that unit and of Sir James Barrett's association with its work in Egypt. The "office wallah" type of administration, the assumption that Directors of Services are "omniscient," the interchangeability of medical officers on the ground that they are of the same rank, rather than selection based on special knowledge and ability, and the obligation of medical officers normally to perform non-medical and clerical duties, are among the features of the service which the author subjects to frank criticism. At the same time he fully recognizes the great value of the war-work done by the R.A.M.C.

Grand (Jules). TALKS ON HYGIENE. Authorized translation by Fred Rothwell. Adyar, Madras, and London, Theosophical Publishing House, 1919. 7½ in. 72 pp., paper, 6d. 613.04

The President of the Vegetarian Society of France deals with the relation of the body to environment, with breathing gymnastics, air and light baths, diet, the treatment of tuberculosis, and other subjects.

700 FINE ARTS.

La Sizeranne (Robert de). L'ART PENDANT LA GUERRE, 1914-18. Paris, Hachette, 1919. 7½ in. 265 pp. paper, 4.55 fr. 709

See review, p. 440.

***Maclair (Camille).** L'ART INDÉPENDANT FRANÇAIS SOUS LA TROISIÈME RÉPUBLIQUE: PEINTURE, LETTRES, MUSIQUE ("Bibliothèque Internationale de Critique"). Paris, Renaissance du Livre, 1919. 7½ in. 185 pp. paper, 2 fr. 50. 759.4

See review, p. 440.

800 LITERATURE.

The Classical Journal, vol. 14, No. 8, May. Chicago, Ill., Univ. Press, 1919. 10½ in. 64 pp. paper. 870.5

Besides La Rue Van Hook's "Was Athens in the Age of Pericles Aristocratic?" there are two long papers: "Latin Examinations as Tests of Intelligence," by Nelson G. McCrea, and "Rhythm v. Rhyme," by Karl P. Harrington. The former defends Latin construing as useful exercise of the intelligence. The latter discusses the relative merits of a rhythmical equivalent or a rhymed rendering of Goliardic and similar poems. Mr. Harrington favours the latter; but his reasoning leaves us cold. His own rhymes—"Alfred," "called"; "scampers," "campus"; "wolf," "off," "hoof"—are unfair samples. After all, it is a matter of execution, let the technical scheme be what it may.

The Classical Review, vol. 34, nos. 3, 4, May-June. Murray, 1919. 10½ in. 36 pp. paper, 2/ 870.5 and 880.5

The first paper, "Græco-Roman Ostraca from Dakka, Nubia" (the Græco-Roman Pselcis), is contributed by Mr. Hugh G. Evelyn White. Most of the ostraca were soldiers' receipts, and probably the building in which they were found had been the office and storehouse of an official charged with the issue of wine and other supplies to the troops at Pselcis. A number of transcripts are supplied by Mr. White. A communication from Mr. J. A. Spranger "On the Date of the 'Herakles' of Euripides" follows; and there are contributions by Messrs. A. E. Housman, J. U. Powell, F. H. Colson, and H. E. Butler, as well as notes by Professor Haverfield, Mr. W. Warde Fowler and others. Among the books reviewed are Miss L. M. Matthæi's "Studies in Greek Tragedy," and Professor Bernadotte Perrin's translation, with the Greek text, of "Plutarch's Lives."

Kavanagh (Mary). A NEW SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD. Long [1919]. 7½ in. 32 pp. paper, 9d. n. 823.83

Yet another attempt to solve the famous "Mystery"! Miss Kavanagh, like many other people, believes that Edwin Drood has not been killed. It is her hypothesis that Drood was "taken out to sea, either by his own devices, or by being smuggled on board with the help of others"; and that he "had to rough it on board ship for four or five months." "What more likely," asks Miss Kavanagh, "than that Lieutenant Tartar and Edwin Drood are identical?" For Tartar, in Miss Kavanagh's opinion, is Drood, and "much of the author's success in the working up of Tartar is due to the simple device of omitting much information concerning Edwin Drood."

Klickmann (Flora). THE LURE OF THE PEN: a book for would-be authors. R.T.S. [1919]. 8½ in. 320 pp. ind., 7/ n. 808

First, let us protest against the insertion of advertisements and opinions about Miss Klickmann's previous books between the text and the index—which is called "a reference list." This is a book on the production of books! The author gives much good advice (a great deal of it very elementary) to literary aspirants. Observation, reading, and writing are the "three essentials of training"; and the reading specially recommended, in order to be modern in vocabulary and style, is to be found in "Truth," the "Daily Telegraph," the "Times," the "Spectator," and the "British Weekly." Ruskin and Stevenson are recommended later. Form and interest are insisted upon strongly, but the word "clearness" or "lucidity" does not occur in the index, though the quality is no doubt implied.

Selver (P.), ed. ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN SLAVONIC LITERATURE, in prose and verse. Tr. by P. Selver; with introd. and literary notes. Kegan Paul, 1919. 8 in. 368 pp. bib., 5/ n. 891.7

Most of the Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, Czech, and Southern Slav writers drawn upon belong to the last half-century, and the translator has selected stories or other pieces that are organic wholes. Hence the reader will enjoy the first half of the book—the prose. Unfortunately, the translator has hampered himself with rhyme in many of the renderings of the poems; and, at best, rhymed translations rarely convey the individuality of the original poetry.

POETRY.

Druce (C. J.). FOOTSTEPS AND FANTASIES ("Adventurers All" Series, 25). Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 8 in. 64 pp. front. paper. 821.9

Mr. Druce's outlook on life is sympathetic; one likes the touch of irony in his sentiment and the laughter that sometimes breaks through his most serious reflections. It is unfortunate that his powers of expression are not always equal to giving perfect poetical form to this amused earnestness. To give a sprightly form to serious poetry is one of the most difficult feats a poet can attempt. Only the consummate stylist can hope for success. Too often, the sprightliness of poetry is as painful as the merriment of parsons: it makes one blush with shame.

Heywood (Raymond). THE GREATER LOVE: poems of remembrance. Elkin Mathews, 1919. 7½ in. 40 pp. 1/6 and 2/6 n. 821.9

It would never surprise one to find Mr. Heywood's verses figuring in the programme of a Ballad Concert. His poems are all "lyrics" in that somewhat technical sense of the word employed by music publishers: they would make admirable pretexts for sentimental songs. "Laddie wi' the April eyes" invites something tender in six-eight time, while the setting of "Aftermath" should be as richly hymnal as "The Rosary."

Horridge (Frank). BALLADES OF OLDE FRANCE, ALSACE AND OLDE HOLLAND. Kegan Paul, 1919. 7½ in. 123 pp. 2/6 n. 821.9

Few, if any, modern poets have written ballads that bear anything but the most superficial resemblance to the genuine article. Mr. Horridge is not an exception to the rule. He seems to think that to sprinkle one's verses with archaisms

is to recapture the very spirit of the past. One can imagine the minstrels chanting Mr. Horridge's ballads in the Castle of Otranto or in the echoing halls of Strawberry Hill: they are in the purest style of later eighteenth-century Gothic.

Oxenham (John). ALL CLEAR! a book of verse commemorative of the great peace. Methuen, 1919. 6½ in. 94 pp. paper, 1/3 n. 821.9

"All Clear" tells in fervent verse how after the crimes and calamities of the war "Christ came to earth again." The other pieces are hymns of praise: "Completing 25,000 copies" is the legend on the cover—a fact of no literary interest.

Willis (George). ANY SOLDIER TO HIS SON. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 7 in. 45 pp. paper, 1/3 n. 821.9

What he did in the great war, life at the front or at the base, war marriages, and such like are the topics of several pieces in strong and realistic long six-stressed lines and other metres. The more personal poems are frank and powerful in their expression of feeling, and the renderings from the Greek Anthology show neatness.

FICTION.

Canfield (Dorothy). HOME FIRES IN FRANCE. Constable, 1919. 7½ in. 313 pp., 6/ n.

Eleven war stories and sketches showing careful work, and notable for their actuality. "Eyes for the Blind," a vivid picture of a day's work of the matron of a hospital for "aveugles de guerre"; "La Pharmacienne," a narrative of a woman's enterprise and pluck; and "The Permissionnaire," a pathetic little story, are among the best items. There are light touches in several of the tales, such as "Hats" and "A Little Kansas Leaven."

***Carleton (William).** CARLETON'S STORIES OF IRISH LIFE. Introd. by Darrell Figgis ("Every Irishman's Library"). Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), [1919]. 7½ in. 400 pp. por., 3/ n.

Carleton belongs by right to the Irish classics. His tales are vigorous and brimful of humour. His character-drawing was extremely vivid, and some of his heroes (such as Peter Connell, Neal Malone, and Phelim O'Toole) are like creations of flesh and blood. He had also a gift of impressive description, as in the account of the fight and funeral, and of the midnight mass.

Jordan (Mrs. Kate). AGAINST THE WINDS. Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 310 pp., 6/9 n.

The heroine, Naomi Tway, discovers that her mother, who for a long time has been socially "impossible," is secretly interested in a house of ill-fame. Horror-struck and disgusted, the girl leaves home. Later she marries a commonplace man who, though affectionate in his way, suffers from an inherited craving for drink. The wife makes the acquaintance of a man of another stamp, but resists temptation and tenderly nurses her husband, who at the end of the book is dying from cancer. The story is readable.

The New Decameron: volume the first, containing the Prologue and the First Day. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 8 in. 228 pp. bibliog. boards, 6/ n.

One is inclined to doubt whether the stories told by the ten authors of "The New Decameron" are worthy of being given that degree of immortality assured by decent printing, good paper and a solid binding. They are essentially the stuff that magazines are made of—perishable stuff to be read in trains, and left behind in the carriage at the journey's end. Miss Sayers opens the ball with a tale in verse, and her example is followed by Miss Helen Hamilton, whose little story of high-school life is a disappointing piece of work compared with her "Compleat Schoolmarm." The prose tales are amusing enough without being particularly distinguished. Mr. Michael Sadler writes about young aristocrats and actresses; Mr. Harvey tries to make our flesh creep with a ghost-story; Mr. Bill Nobbs, evidently a Veiled Figure, tells an anecdote about dons in Germany, and M. Francis Carco tells another about students in Paris. It cannot honestly be said that the first day's story-telling has been a complete success. One looks forward with some apprehension to the nine other days that are to follow.

*Zangwill (Israel). *JINNY THE CARRIER*. Heinemann, 1919. 8 in. 575 pp., 7/ n.

The length of this novel is not excused by the nature of the story, which is simple and straightforward, but, as the author hopes, by the affectionate fullness with which he conveys the rustic traits and leisurely atmosphere of Essex in the year of the Great Exhibition. He draws a number of breezy and engaging characters at full length, some very successfully, some not so well, evidently keeping his methods on the large-scale plan of Dickens and De Morgan, and catching some of their humour—not always without effort and overstrain.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

Werner (E. T. Chalmers). *CHINA OF THE CHINESE* ("Countries and Peoples Series"). Pitman, 1919. 7½ in. 324 pp. 14 il. ind., 9/ n. 915.1

In this book the author gives a clear and learned epitome of what may be called the external characteristics of China and the Chinese. After a short historical sketch the various Chinese institutions are discussed: domestic, ceremonial, political, military, ecclesiastical. The concluding sections deal with the ideas of the Chinese and with the various products of the country. There is something bare and unsympathetic about the treatment, competent as it is in a way. The author's knowledge appears to be much greater than his insight.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

*Fox (R. Hingston). *DR. JOHN FOTHERGILL AND HIS FRIENDS*: chapters in eighteenth-century life. Macmillan, 1919. 8½ in. 458 pp. il. pors. 4 apps. ind., 21/ n. 920

This pleasantly written and thorough study is by no means devoted exclusively to the famous Quaker physician. A number of the notable men of the time were on friendly terms with Dr. Fothergill, and Dr. Fox devotes much of his space to a description of their work and character. Besides its value as a study of eighteenth-century society, the book provides a clear account of the state of medicine at the time.

Ginisty (Paul). *LES ARTISTES MORTS POUR LA PATRIE*: seconde série. Paris, Alcan, 1919. 9 in. 168 pp. paper, 2.50fr. 920

M. Lafferre, Minister of Education and the Fine Arts, contributes a preface to this second series of obituary notices celebrating the life and noble death of French painters, sculptors, architects, musicians and actors killed in the war.

*Williamson (G. C.). *MURRAY MARKS AND HIS FRIENDS*: a tribute of regard by Dr. G. C. Williamson. Lane, 1919. 9 in. 225 pp. il. pors. apps. ind., 12/6 n. 920

This book is a minor, but a valuable, contribution to the artistic history of England during the later nineteenth century. Murray Marks was, of course, the famous Bond Street dealer of our recollection, and to some extent the friend of the Pre-Raphaelites and Whistler. One interesting phase of his letters from Rossetti is that they show the artist's commercial instincts well developed. On this evidence he appears to have been an expert in sale-room strategy. Those who are attracted by the "Blue and White China period"—not the least interesting of the minor epochs of English art—will find much entertainment in the book.

930-990 HISTORY.

The *Annual Register*: a review of public events at home and abroad for the year 1918. Longmans, 1919. 9 in. 562 pp. ind., 28/ n. 909

See review, p. 431

Fearenside (E.). *A HISTORY OF GREECE* ("People's Books"). Jack, 1919. 6½ in. 126 pp. maps, bibliog. ind., 1/3 n. 938

In this, the forty-eighth of the "People's Books," Mr. Fearenside has woven into a connected and luminous narrative a review of the development of the Greeks prior to 500 B.C., of the Persian wars, the rise of Athens, the Peloponnesian War, the growth of Spartan, Theban, and Macedonian power, the fortunes of the Greeks in Sicily, their conflicts with the Phœnicians, and the events which brought about the hegemony of Rome.

Lapsley (Gaillard), ed. *THE AMERICA OF TO-DAY*: being lectures delivered at the Local Lectures Summer Meeting of the University of Cambridge, 1918. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 9 in. 279 pp., hf. boards, 12/ n. 973.913
See review, p. 431.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Allen (William J.). *S.S. "BORODINO," M.F.A. no. 6*: a short account of the work of the Junior Army and Navy Stores, Ltd., with H.M. Grand Fleet, December, 1914—February, 1919. Fleetway Press, Salisbury Court, E.C.4. 7½ in. 96 pp. il. pors. 940.9

This brightly written and really interesting account, by the Secretary and assistant manager of the well-known Regent Street Stores, gives a vivid idea of some aspects of life at Scapa Flow during the tedious years of war, and shows the importance of the service rendered by the "Stores Ship" to the officers and men of the Fleet. It is evident that the presence of "Borodino" was a source of satisfaction to all ranks and ratings as well as to the ward-room messes.

Downes (W. D.). *WITH THE NIGERIANS IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA*. Methuen [1919]. 9 in. 368 pp. il. pors. maps, apps. ind., 15/ n. 940.9

The second chapter supplies an account of the German campaign in East Africa before the arrival of the Nigerian Brigade in that area. The succeeding chapters graphically describe the operations of the brigade, and numerous interesting details are given of the demeanour and faithfulness of the black troops. The African native is stated by the author to have proved himself to be made of first-class fighting material—just as good as the best Indian soldier when properly trained and officered. The record is brought down to the crossing of General von Lettow-Vorbeck into Portuguese territory, when the Germans lost their last colony. Captain Downes pays a striking tribute to the German Commander-in-Chief's bravery and ability.

**Letters from a French Soldier to his Mother* (1914-15). Tr. by H. R. P. De La More Press, 1919. 7½ in. 67 pp. boards, 2/6 n. 940.9

These interesting and rather beautiful letters reveal a man very sensitive to the beauty of nature and of art. In his hideous surroundings, and faced by the constant menace of death or mutilation, his thoughts constantly recur to the beautiful things in life—little bits of landscape, a poem, the memory of great music. And, looking at the world to-day, how pathetic sounds his faith! "Say to M. that there is no injustice in a fate that lays low the bravest. Those who remain are the better in consequence."

*Pollen (Arthur Hungerford). *THE NAVY IN BATTLE*. Chatto & Windus, 1919. 9 in. 394 pp. il. por. diags., 12/6 n. 940.9

The specially written introduction to this, the third edition of Mr. Pollen's book, is mainly devoted to very outspoken criticism of Lord Jellicoe's tactics at the battle of Jutland. Discussing the course followed by the Commander-in-Chief in turning away his fleet four points to port to avoid the attack by torpedoes, Mr. Pollen remarks that Lord Jellicoe had 60 per cent. more ships and over 200 per cent. greater gun-power than Admiral Scheer. Recalling the old principle that no admiral or captain was permitted to refuse action, unless in the presence of such overwhelmingly superior strength that to engage would be to risk the destruction of his force without expectation of any compensating gain, the author makes the comment that "never . . . had any man a greater incitement to employ the largest superiority which any British Admiral had ever commanded in battle, to obtain the most sweeping and crushing success that had ever been won." Mr. Pollen goes so far as to conclude his introduction with the following serious indictment:

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